The Saturday Review of Literature

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Wallace Stegner, co-author of "One Nation." *(See page 9)*

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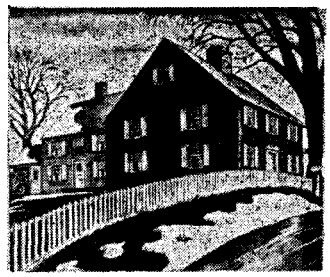

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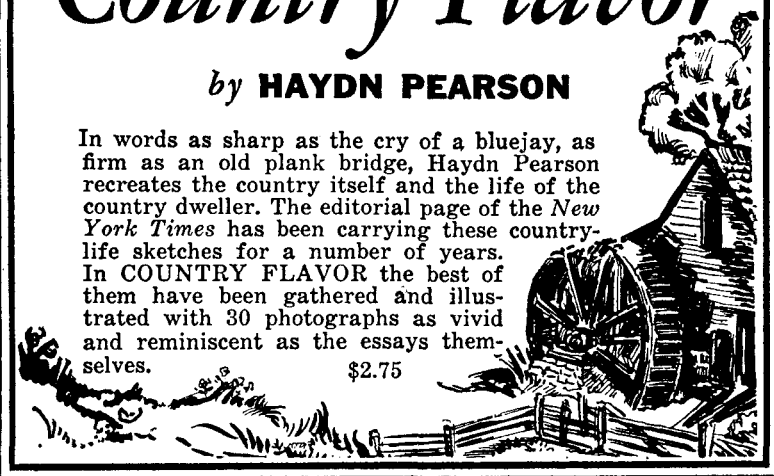

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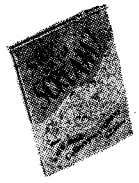

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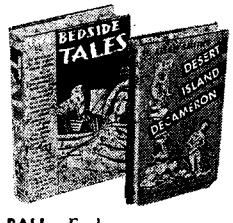

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Introduction to a Country and a People

MOST of the walls of our front office are made up of bookcases which have come down to us from the days of Mr. Henry Holt. Until we can move into newer and more permanent quarters, those old bookcases serve as a very satisfactory place to display a sampling of our new and older books, and our visitors often go to them and pick out something to read while they are waiting. (Of course we try not to keep visitors waiting, but once in a while we are outnumbered and somebody has to while away a quarter-hour in the outer office.)

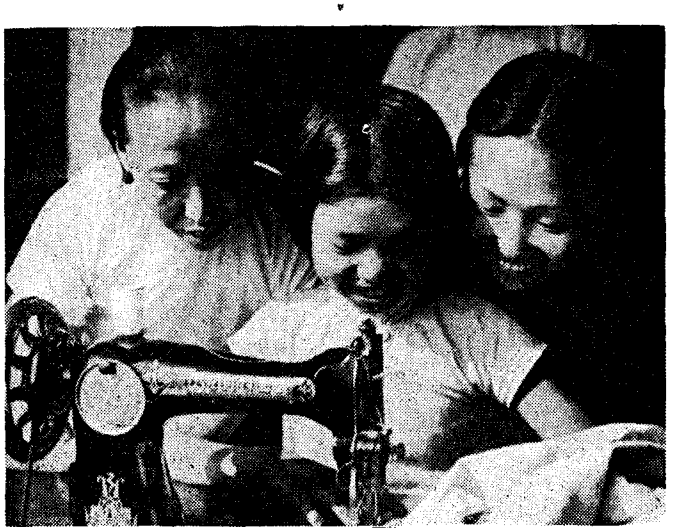
For a long time now we have been interested to see that the same book is selected by fully half of our visitors. It may be that this particular book is chosen because it is bigger than the others—it measures nine and a half by twelve and a half inches—or because it has a photograph on its jacket. But we are inclined to believe that the principal reason is its title, which is the single word CHINA.

In this decade of our century there's a kind of double magic in that word. There is on the one hand the magic of something old, wise, beautiful, and as eternal as human things can be. And on the other, there is the excitement of a nation that is the newest of the great powers—the most unformed and the most dynamic in its potentialities for human good or ill in the future.

CHINA was written and compiled by a Chinese-American named Kwok Ying Fung, or Fung Kwok Ying, to give the cognomens their Chinese position. He is a quiet, bespectacled, profoundly courteous man who runs a restaurant here in New York. One of his brothers was a pilot in the Chinese Air Forces. Another is a reporter for the Central News, the official news agency of the Chiang Kai-shek government.

Like most Chinese in this country, Kwok is intensely anxious to have Americans understand his native country better, and for some years he had been collecting photographs of China which seemed to him to be something more than mere pictures, which told a truth about his land and its people. The pictures range from a magnificent view of the great Altar of Heaven to the pattern that a shoe-vender's wares make on the sidewalk, and from a fisherman seining up a handful of minnows out of the brown waters of a canal to the intent, hard faces of a group of young air cadets. Arranged and edited by Fritz Henle, Kwok's pictures of China add up to a portrait of a nation and its landscape so complete that only a few thousand words of text are required to complement and explain them.

We hope to publish a lot of books about China in the next few years; half a dozen are being written for us right now. But we suspect that none of them will come closer than Kwok Ying Fung's to telling the people of our country what his is like. A good many thousand copies of CHINA have been sold since we first published it in 1943, but as we watch the book's effect on the people who read it in our reception room, we are inclined to believe that its popularity will continue to rise for some years to come. One of the high purposes that books can serve is the promotion of understanding between peoples. Kwok's CHINA is not the entirety of the China that has become the friend and ally of the United States, but it is a generous and beautiful introduction to it.



China

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Is the Scientist-Scholar Ready for Leadership?

The Responsibility of the University in Peace-Making

JOSEPH A. BRANDT

THERE have always been wars but I do not believe there always will have to be wars. The number of wars and the increasing number of them since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution is cause for alarm. But an even greater cause for alarm is the knowledge that mass murder began to increase only when we began mass education, which coincided with the Industrial Revolution. Thus it is inescapable that either the masses should not be educated, if the meager learning we give them can truly be called education, or there is something wrong, tragically wrong and betraying, in our educational leadership of the people.

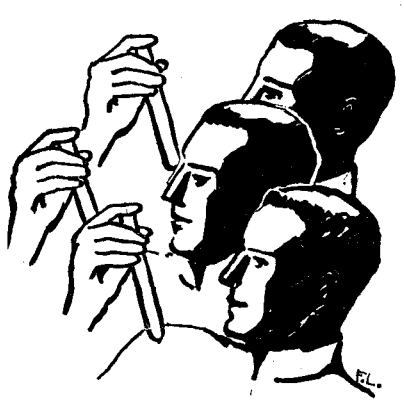
In war times, we rely for our leadership on the admirals and the generals. In peace times, we depend upon the politician and the statesman for guidance. The generals and the admirals can win victory only if they have the tools of war at hand and a people trained to carry out the strategy needed to win. And it is equally true in peace times, that the leadership of a people can win and keep peace only if the people they represent have wisdom, charity, tolerance. And this is the task of the scholar.

Instead of wisdom, charity, and tolerance which the scholar should have implanted in the people, the morning after victory finds among us growing tensions, increasing and dangerous mounting hatreds. We destroyed the beast of anti-Semitism in Germany only to find it rising fourfold in our own midst. We fought in the Pacific to free the brown peoples from the tyranny of the Japanese master while at home a tenth of our population writhes restlessly under the lash of racial bigotry. We are a nation dedicated to the principles of Christ but we remain pharisaical despite the countless sermons preached from our pulpits.

The American scholar will have to accept his full share of the responsibility; if the peace of the future fails it will be in no small measure because the scholar was unequal to the task.

The American scholar assumed this burden when he placed the priceless secret of energy and matter at the disposal of the Government and, in the greatest triumph of scholarship in modern times, joined forces with government and industry to produce the atomic bomb. While the atomic bomb has proved there is no such thing as the absent-minded professor, it has projected the professor into the forefront of government. When the scholar decided to turn over to the Government his knowledge of the atom, he at once assumed responsibility for the kind of government which would use the atomic bomb. And since the Government is the people, he destroyed once and for all his right to ignore the people.

Consciously or unconsciously, the American scholar has lived aloof from the people. When he writes, he resents nothing so much as to have what he has written called "popular." Now, "popular," of course, has reference to the people, the masses; the people whose total morality constitutes national and world morality; the people who if led by the scholars and the thinkers might create a new world of peace and of plenty; the people who, neglected and scorned by the scholar, will turn in ever increasing numbers to listen to the demagogue and be the willing tool of the dictators.



This lack of interest in the past in the welfare of the people as people is so universally true as to constitute in effect a national tragedy. The fact that the scholar usually disdains to write a popular book is but one evidence. Most small college towns, for instance, are poorly governed, badly administered, because in the main the faculties of the colleges and universities live in communities but are rarely a part of them. There is no snobbery more calculated than academic snobbery!

The time has come when the American scholar must reëxamine himself in the light of his new obligations, new only in the sense that it is never too late to acknowledge a duty not done. American scholarship, as it is at present constituted, is hopelessly inadequate to give the people intellectual and spiritual leadership; and unless our people have such leadership, all the battleships, all the planes, armies, and atomic bombs and all the words in the treaties of peace soon to be written, will not avail us against a future war.

I WRITE only of American scholarship, because we must rescue ourselves from the evil inheritance of German scholarship, which we now are about to reform. The scholar speaks an international language, he is the only true cosmopolite; and vigorous decisiveness may gain years for the future in this country and in England, where German influence had less effect and where as a consequence democracy has been less injured than in most other nations.

Now, let us see how the American scholar is created, for in the strait-jacket of academic life lies the key to his escape from present ineffectiveness in the world and the way to a life of newer richness and glory.

The scholar comes up through an

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almost unvarying routine. He completes an undergraduate education in some college which consists of a mosaic of subjects to be forgotten as soon as the examination is over. I speak of the generality of colleges, not of the brilliant exceptions. Either by inclination or at the suggestion of some interested professor, the student is sent on to some university to work either in a subject of his real choice or one chosen for him by a professor who sees in him a satellite. As a graduate student, he completes a master's degree which in many of our universities has become a kind of super bachelor's degree. Then comes the great adventure, the pursuit of the doctor of philosophy degree. To obtain this coveted union card, he undergoes certain tests, completes certain prescribed subjects, and sets out to write a dissertation. The object of this regimen, of course, is to enable the scholar-to-be to discern the chaff from the wheat, to know what is true and what is false. He is supposed to learn independence of judgment.

No one could quarrel with such a worthy purpose. But the purpose and the reality of the doctor of philosophy degree in most of our universities today, are as removed as Tojo is from the White House. Instead of ending his formal education as a man able to think, he is more likely to become a hooded automaton. The key to the failure of the institution of the doctoral degree in this nation lies in the fact that in only rare instances does the candidate, seeking intellectual independence, have any independence while seeking it.

THE institution of the doctor of philosophy degree, as at present constituted in the majority of our universities, lies heavy like a hand of doom. If I write feelingly about the institution, I write with knowledge. In sixteen years of serving three of our great universities as publisher of their scholarship, I have read countless Ph.D. dissertations from virtually every institution offering the degree. With some exceptions, most of the dissertations represented a tragic waste. The student had been cheated when he thought he had reached the highest attainment in American intellectual life. He had been taught to be cautious when he should have had the courage of youth. He had become confused through veneration of false academic gods when he should have been clear. He had spent his time on minutiae while Rome burned. He had been conditioned to become an observer when he should have begun to understand that thought may be translated into action. Most tragic of all, because he possessed something rare, not shared by the common man, he felt superior and aloof from them. He had joined a world of his own, divorced from the people, the academic world.

For the good of the people of America, for the good of the people of the world, the institution of the doctorate should either be abolished by our universities or it should be reformed so that it will reunite the people and the scholars, to the end that the true product of scholarship can be shared by all the people, not by the learned alone.

I am not a lonely, misguided heretic when I make this plea. I have talked with far too many far-seeing scholars who share my alarm, who want something done, but who are defeated by the inertia of academic life. They remain silent when they might speak, for they must live with their colleagues. They may annoy trustees and be accused of keeping students away. But they should not be silent. They should speak up. Only by so doing can they dissipate the growing poison of fear which is so characteristic of academic life. If the scholar fears, how can he demand courage of his students who in turn become the people?

The world of the past, that world preceding the Industrial Revolution, was a world dominated by the scholars in the humanities and the social sciences. The world inaugurated by the Industrial revolution has been governed by the inventor and the pure scientist. One often hears the remark that the modern humanistic scholar or the student of society has not kept pace with the natural or physical scientist. The charge is untrue. The humanistic student is keeping pace with events but he is enamored with the belief that learning is the possession of the aristocracy, the aristocracy of fellow scholars. The scholar in the problems of society is well aware of his obligations, but, again, he is listening for the praise of the colleague, rather than communicating his findings, usually disturbing, to the people. The social scientist's newest creation, sociology, deliberately created a terminology to confuse the people.

The wants of people are simple, elemental. They want food, shelter, love, and security. Even if they had the time to read the works of our modern sociologists, they could not understand what they read. Nor could any other person, however literate he might be, unless he had learned the magic new incantations which make sociology mysterious and, therefore, learned. Sociology illustrates perfectly the disdain of the scholar for the people, the very people the sociologist should serve.

NOW, the masses are the voters who cast the ballot election day. They determine the kind of leaders we have —the Rankins and Bilbos on the one hand, the Monroneys and the Roosevelts on the other. The people are the voters who think things through. They want the facts. They want the truth. Once they have learned what they think is the truth, they in turn influence the masses. It is this kind of people for whom the scholar must write, must work.

All learning is not dead in our country. We have come far along the road of cultural progress, even though the accumulation of today's scholarship may seem meager with the great learning of the past. We have secured for ourselves a standard of living which even John Law would have thought preposterous. We have moved toward an appreciation of the dignity of the individual which would have startled Queen Elizabeth. We have comforts in our homes which the advanced Romans would have thought inprobable. We have the material things which make life worth living. It is on the spiritual side that we are lagging. But a few hardy souls are aware that un-

In Monterey Bay

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

THE *Roma*, the *Two Brothers, Lady Jane,*
The fishing-fleet slips in, one after one,
Unloads its silver catch and once again
Takes a soft ease beneath a sleepy sun.
Tonight comes struggle with the sullen sea
To steal its wealth—the shouts, the straining nets—
But for today the small boats placidly
Doze with eagerness, without regrets.
So predatory night-birds drowse away
The level hours of a long blue day.

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less the people are carried forward with the tide of history, civilization is doomed. These are symbols, far too few it is true, of an awakening social conscience on the part of the scholar. These are the scholars who seek to reach the people, the thinkers among the masses. They have learned to write clearly, to take a courageous stand on issues concerning the public, to offer the people, for what it may be worth, the results of honest research, stated so lucidly that even a Philadelphia lawyer could understand it.

The American scholar must ask himself today, has he been honest with the people? Has he not been more concerned with the ephemeral glory of a reprint, paid for by him, sent to the president and a hundred other waste-paper baskets, than with a world slowly going toward a lingering, agonizing death? Savanarola knew that death alone could atone for his heresies; but he pursued his path undaunted, because he loved the people. Galileo recanted, because he loved life and perhaps was dubious about the ultimate glory of research as an end in itself. Martin Luther stood before the door of Wittenberg, conscious that he could do only right. There can no longer be delay on the part of our scholars. A world is aflame with doubt, terror, hatred; that flame can be quenched only by the scholar, writing in the loneliness of his study, but writing with a passion for the right, for the welfare of the people, of whom he is at present one of the most ignored, but among whom he may ultimately rank without a peer.

One Nation or None

ONE NATION. By Wallace Stegner and the Editors of Look. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1945. 336 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WALTER WHITE

DID you know that "minorities" who have at one time or another been subjected to persecution come close to constituting a majority of the American people? There are 22,000,000 Catholics, 13,000,000 Negroes, 4,500,000 Jews, 3,500,000 Mexicans, 377,000 Indians, 127,000 Japanese, 77,000 Chinese, 45,000 Filipinos, 2,400 Hindus, and 1,700 Koreans in the United States now—a total of nearly 44,000,000. To this number might be added many additional millions of first-generation Americans, particularly those from southeastern Europe, who because of language, religion, or race have been made to feel the lash of prejudice.

This is but one of the startling sets of facts which Wallace Stegner and the editors of *Look* have packed into superb prose and photographs in "One Nation." What they say makes the reader's blood run alternately cold and warm—cold with nausea at the incredible inhumanity practised by Americans and with fear of its corrosive effect on democracy; warmed by the human decency which here and there characterizes our national attitude toward some of these minorities even though that decency grows with "glacial inevitability." The book is unsentimental, hard-hitting, and practical. Its emphasis is not on the moral implications of prejudice. Instead it stresses what hate does to the haters as well as to the hated.

Eight of America's most colorful minorities are presented in words and pictures—Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, the migrant Mexican crop workers and pachucos of Los Angeles and other coast towns, American Indians, the Hispanos of New Mexico, Negroes, Catholics, and Jews. Would you be interested in knowing what is happening even as we wind up the destruction of Hitlerism? Then listen to this simply, unemotionally told tale:

> In South Boston a Jewish boy and a companion got off a streetcar swinging bathing suits and towels, headed for the public dressing rooms of a South Boston beach. A half dozen youths hanging around the doorway looked at them sharply. Two cut smoothly ahead to block the door; the others gathered around. "Are you guys Jews?" one asked.
>
> One of the Jewish boys opened his mouth soundlessly, but the other was bolder, "Yes," he said. "What's it to you?"
>
> "Not a thing," the leader of the gang said. "Not a thing. Only we don't allow kikes around Southie, see?"
>
> "You haven't got any right to stop us," the Jewish boy said.
>
> The ring of youths hooted. "Wait'll the guys in the Army get home," one said. "Just stick around and see what happens to all you Jew bastards that have been coining dough out of the war while the Christians fight it. Wait till all the guys from around here get back from the Army; you'll see what the war was about."
>
> The Jewish boy had tears in his eyes. "I know what it's about!" he half shouted. "My brother was killed on Guadalcanal; I guess I know what it's about!"
>
> One of the gang jerked the towel from the boy's hand and began popping him around the legs with it. When he tried to grab it back another youth pushed him. His companion broke and ran. The boy whose brother had died on Guadalcanal faced the six toughs, all of them bigger and older than he, for just a moment, and then plunged. He got hit three or four times, struck out blindly himself, broke loose, and ran after his companion. The gang chased him, but he hooked a passing streetcar swinging into the curve and escaped.
>
> They were yelling after him as his fingers desperately hooked the handrail. "And don't ever come back around Southie, you sheenie bastard!"

No one can read "One Nation" and ever again be romantic about China-

—From the book

" . . . the sight of her face as she sat hopelessly through one night . . . was enough to make hard-bitten patrolmen swear and peel off the utterly worthless bills which were all they could give her."

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town or magnolia-scented plantations seen from a pullman window. Nor can he ever intelligently listen again to stories about Catholic, Jewish, or Nisei "menaces." The story is not simply a recital of injustices. In every instance modest progress is reported, most of it due to the efforts of the minorities themselves. Deserved tribute is paid to the brilliant John Collier for what he almost single-handedly has done for American Indians as well as to the United States Government for what it has done to end or greatly diminish the exploitation and mistreatment of Mexican migrant farm laborers.

"One Nation" is so magnificent that its excellence is only accentuated by a few minor criticisms. For example, it is to be questioned if it be true that "because, along with the tradition of Negro inferiority, the South has preserved some of the old tradition of white responsibility, conditions in these are frequently better than in the segrated slums of Northern states." This statement is belied by some of the photographs themselves. Mr. Stegner speaks of the excesses of the "carpet-bagging politicians" after the Civil War, accepting too readily the false concept that these men and the so-called "black and tan" legislators were all evil. The South never had a free public-school system until these reconstruction governments established it along with the bulk of the social legislation of Southern states. The authors speak of progress which has been made toward wiping out the poll tax and democratic white primary system but neglects to mention that these advances have been made chiefly through the efforts of Negro and interracial organizations. Nor is it true that Hiram Wesley Evans, a Dallas dentist, was responsible for the growth of the Klan. A shrewd and unscrupulous promoter by the name of Edward Young Clark took over the exploitation of the Klan from the Methodist circuit rider, William Joseph Simmons, and boosted it into a national racket. Evans did not head the Klan until it was well on its way out.

But these are merely minor flaws in a book which desperately needed to be written. "One Nation" ought to have a circulation far in excess of drool like "Gone with the Wind." It will do no good to send it to Bilbo and Rankin. But one real use which could be made of "One Nation" would be to send it to the Northern and border-state Congressmen and Senators who sit in stupid silence while bilbos rave, accompanied by letters from constituents urging them to read the book and to answer the lies of the bigots whose spreading of hate creates one of the greatest dangers America faces today.

A Straight Look at Old Hickory

THE AGE OF JACKSON. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 576 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE F. MILTON

THIS splendid study not only depicts one of the greatest epochs of our past but also suggests the shape of struggles ahead in an America as anxiously awaiting the day of the common man as did the yeomen and mechanics of Old Hickory's time. Stimulating in itself, Mr. Schlesinger's

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., "has opened the door to some immensely important truths."

book should prove more so in the thoughts it stirs in its readers.

This is as it should be, for the interpretation of the past in the light of the moods and movements of the present is implicit in really useful history. Each generation must take its own straight look at the storied great; it must apply its own equations of differential values to assess the crises that called forth their qualities.

The age of Jackson has many resemblances to the age of Franklin Roosevelt. Great loves and fierce hatreds swirled about the aristocrat of the Hermitage who led America's most successful political revolution until that captained by the aristocrat of Hyde Park. Jackson's courage was a living flame, his judgment seldom in error, his purpose as deeply democratic as that of any of our chiefs of state.

The book's double focus on the man and the age makes it as much social history as party battles, economic interpretation as historical inquest. Most of it is interestingly and some excitedly presented—a style which hides the patient research, shrewd analysis, and weighing of evidence which preceded the prose. Adequate footnotes and bibliography reveal the scaffolding of scholarship.

The example of the fine social history of the author's father, and the early professional training of the son, laid the foundations for the present volume. His study of Orestes A. Brownson, one of New England's most interesting social reformers, acquainted him with the streams of thought and emotion of the first half of the nineteenth century. Then research for a series of Lowell Lectures on Jackson and his times provided the framework for this, his second book.

Its merits are many and varied. I especially liked his characterization of Jackson in the White House, which bears no resemblance to the Whig diatribes about a valiant hempen homespun given to towering rages. In truth, Jackson was a man of great urbanity and distinction of manner. He indulged disagreement among lieutenants and himself yielded when convinced of error. "I have accustomed myself," he remarked, "to receive with respect the opinions of others, but always take the responsibility of deciding for myself." Schlesinger marshals the evidence to show that his supposed "fits of passion" were extemporized to end futile arguments.

Jackson's great intelligence expressed itself in judgment, a non-logical quality, rather than in logical analysis. Thomas H. Benton noted his "rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive reaction." Neither Benton, Amos Kendall, Francis Preston Blair, nor Martin Van Buren did his thinking. But the President valued Kendall's skill in interpreting, verbalizing, and documenting his intentions.

Schlesinger correctly estimates the Kitchen Cabinet. Its members weren't cheap politicians auctioning post offices for profit, but men of earnest convictions and unusual ability, who were indispensable to the success of the Jackson revolution. When great crises bring forth great Presidents, almost without exception they find it necessary to recruit an unofficial general staff to implement the will of the No. 1 man. Jackson's was perhaps the best of them.

Such crises as nullification and the death struggle with the "Octopus" of Nick Biddle's bank evoked the best in Jackson and resulted in the country's first great effort to add economic de-

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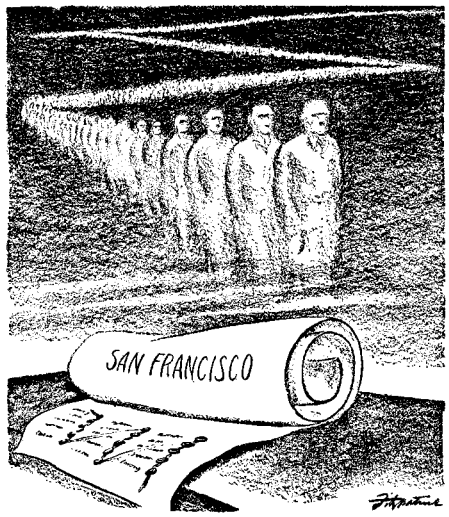
mocracy to the political democracy of Jefferson's days. The ruthless exploitation of labor in the industrializing East could not be curbed without the intervention of the government. The Jacksonian democracy soon became the first farmer-labor party in America and liberals and reformers the country over flocked to its support.

Jacksonian democracy was built on an unimpeachable intellectual foundation. Its advocates found the best of support in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which assailed monopoly because it retarded the growth of national income and led to the exploitation of the people. The Jacksonians made good use of the Scottish economist's dictum that the law should restrain any use of liberty "which might endanger the security of the whole society." Their effort to exalt human rights as a counter weight to property rights made social equality as much a goal as political equality had been at the birth of the Republic.

They hammered home the deep-rooted conflict between the producing and the non-producing classes. As Van Buren stated the Jackson platform, labor must have "full enjoyment of the fruits of its industry," therefore "the blighting influence of partial legislation, monopolies, congregated wealth and interested combinations" must be curbed by Federal law.

Even more dramatic was the Jacksonian battle against paper money. The Tom Paine of this crusade was William M. Gouge, a Philadelphia editor and economist, whose short history of paper money issued in 1833 swept the country as quickly as had the "Appeal to Reason." He proposed to limit bank paper to commercial transactions, slowly withdrawing the bank note privilege. He contended that if this were done, it would prevent depressions, prevent the operation of a financial power uncontrollable by the people or the government, and stop the rule of the moneyed aristocracy. The argument was so powerful that it was said that "after Gouge on banking, there must be a sequel by banks on gouging."

Vignettes of this type add to the value of this volume. Mr. Schlesinger has opened the door to some immensely important truths.



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch

President Truman: "If only we had had this Charter a few years ago. . . ."

Making Peace by Impetuosity

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE PEACE. By Henry G. Alsberg. New York: Hastings House. 1945. 324 *pp. viii.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LT. COL. T. V. SMITH, AUS

IN days like these when the atomic has become the macrocosmic, one is tempted to praise even microscopic efforts at international peace. This book constitutes such an effort. Though tempted, I shall resist the temptation to praise it.

Truth to tell, this is an impetuous thrust in a field of collective endeavor which requires at least three virtues, cumulative in their impact: patience, patience, patience. It is indeed an anacronistic book. It deals harshly with efforts that have been graciously superseded, and then it compensates for its earlier harshness by brashly brushing aside the subsequent achievements which help to render it out-of-date. The book is an egoistic reaction to what is necessarily a joint affair, an affair so grandly collective that nothing save intellectual modesty is appropriate and nothing less than humility and patience is likely to serve.

Otherwise, this book is excellent.

In twenty-five simple lessons, the "Lecturer," the know-it-almost-all of the dialogue, attempts to inform the unknown, and here unknowing, "G.I.," what an intelligent person needs to know about the peace. The "G.I.," it should be said, is not a character but only a pedagogical strategy. The dialogue form is only springes wherewith to catch the woodcocks of attention.

The triple lesson which the author intends is: (1) that Wilson's League of Nations was better than is now admitted, (2) that the present United Nations machinery is worse than it appears, worse in fact than the old League, and (3) that the author can and will indite better peace machinery than either the League or the United Nations.

The book, it will be noted by any reader, does not suffer from intellectual modesty or any moral humility. Nevertheless, its author is no provincial having his first fling at omniscience. He has been about the world, and is loaded with facts. What the facts mean, however, can be measured only by collective agreement. The book was written after the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and before the San Francisco Charter. In less than a two-page Foreword he is able to show that what happened meantime—and it was much—has not invalidated but chiefly confirmed what he knew all the time: "the arguments advanced have lost none of their validity; on the contrary they have received considerable support from the events of the last few months." If further evidence be needed of the romantic nature of this realistic enterprise, hear the author further declare that "to say that such a proposal is Utopian should not discourage those of us who want wars stopped." How utopian indeed his constructive proposal is may be seen in observing that his main reliance is upon means whose unavailability motivates the proposal.

His reliance is so typical of idealists who would settle collective problems in a liberal vacuum that it is worthy of momentary remark. "The power to prevent wars," he says, "must be taken away from the foreign offices which have never prevented any wars, and must be given to the people" . . . (who, let us remark, have never prevented wars and have never taken the power away from their representatives, the foreign offices!). As if, indeed, the very effort to "give power to the people" was not what all the shooting's all about all the time! To present an as yet insoluble problem as the solution to a pressing predicament is the essence of futilitarian romance. Such massive things as passing the power to the people are not ordered up on a platter, nor yet taken neat off the griddle of good intentions, however hot these intentions may be. Not only does Mr. Alsberg continuously beg the question of the better-yet-to-be, but he equally romanticizes our own early constitutional history, which does present us with the best analogy for talk and the best pattern for action in the task at hand. Our Constitutional Fathers, he says, "forget about these inalienable state sovereignties." It is the author who forgets, not the Founding Fathers. They remembered, they respected, they arranged, they tolerated, they compromised, they waited. They took what scraps they could from sovereignties plural to make as best they could a new sovereignty singular. They did, that is, precisely as the statesmen of the world are now

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doing to the author's disgust: they built on what they had with what they had. But it was patience, more than their ingenuity—fortunately they were largely lacking in impetuosity —which turned the tide in favor of success.

The chief debit of all such individual efforts as this is in not seeing how complicated is the whole matter of peace, is in not seeing how slow and tentative must be the approaches to it, and is in not seeing that modesty—of expectation as of criticism—is the greatest virtue in man's collective life. Individual peace plans do not make a peace. It still takes only one to make a fight. It takes everybody to make a world in which war will be infrequent, and it takes everybody and then everybody else to make a world in which war will be impossible.

The echoes of Plato's caution to atheists ring in my ears as I wistfully lay aside this audacious private judgment upon the best collective wisdom of the best statesmen of our distraught age. Since gods are necessary and temples are required, as the Greek suggests to the impetuous, one is well advised to be circumspect in destroying gods and in undermining temples. It takes a long time to invent gods and longer still to invest them with the majesty which hedges in divinity; and to build temples for them requires not only long time but hard work for countless hands.

Toward a Wider Union

ONE DESTINY. By Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 88 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

THE author of this book has performed a service of historic importance. In "The Nazarene" and "The Apostle," he reassimilated, into the Jewish tradition itself, that great revolution in orthodoxy which became Christianity. No one has a better right to address an Epistle to the Christians, to call them his brothers, and to speak to them, with a wrath chastened by grief, of the wrongs that have been done to the Jews, with the passive consent of Christians, if not with their active connivance.

The story that Sholem Asch tells of the millionfold massacre of the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto, or elsewhere in gas chambers and in fiery furnaces, was the central horror in the bestial Nazi campaign against humanity. To have read the details of that act of systematic extermination is not enough. One must go back to this story again and again in order to understand two facts: the moral debasement which made such wholesale atrocities possible among the Germans and—no less horrifying—the moral paralysis which prevented the leaders of civilization from raising a hand to help the Jews.

We in the United States find it all too easy to pin on other peoples, on the Turks or on the British, the chief blame for not helping to rescue the Jews. But on any candid assessment, our own shame is far deeper than that of any other nation. We were beyond the reach of Nazi vengeance; yet at a moment when every humanitarian consideration demanded that we let down our immigration restrictions completely, so as to enable those who were fleeing from extermination camps to find in America a place of refuge, we kept our laws and regulations inviolate, and turned our eyes away from the spectacle that might have moved us to action.

Few honest Americans, Christian or otherwise, can claim exemption from Sholem Asch's terrible indictment. Had our imaginations been really touched, we would have found a way to help. The passive hardness of heart which permitted the "good" to sleep quietly in their immunity without raising a hand in succor, almost matched, in its way, the active hardness that the Nazis cultivated.

To reawaken the Christian conscience, Mr. Asch reminds the Christians of the oneness of the Jewish and the Christian traditions. He foresees a time when the Jews will accept the Christian promise, even as the Christian must accept, to be true to himself, the Jewish foundations. "It is my profound belief," he says, "that only the Jewish Christian idea contains in itself the possibility of salvation for our tortured world."

At a time like this, our tortured world cannot reject help from any quarter, least of all such healing balm and such precious manna as the ancient religious orthodoxies still hold. But at Sholem Asch's word "only," the charitable reader must pause. Is the union of Jew and Christian a bond strong enough to unite mankind? To achieve it would admittedly require a brave effort, an effort to break down habits, rituals, automatisms, ancient petrifications of egoism and pride. But is not an even larger sacrifice needed if mankind is to have an adequate basis for coöperation? That Jew and Christian have stood apart so long is a cause for sorrow; but that it should now be urged that they continue to stand apart from the rest of the world, is a sign of how far even most more awakened spirits have to go in their struggle with moral isolationism.

Would such a union seem adequate to a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a Communist? And if not, is it really adequate to the crisis in which the Christian and the Jew both find themselves? A Jew has just cause to complain of the attitude of political Moslems toward Zionist aspirations: granted. But may he dismiss Mohammedanism itself in the contemptuous fashion that Sholem Asch does? Is there, in fact, any salvation for the world in the archaic pietism that this humane mind stands for?

"One Destiny" is not alone the fate of the Jewish Christian way of life, but of mankind as a whole. Unless we transcend the limitations of our local forms of brotherhood and coöperation, unless Jew and Christian are ready for a wider union, their own coming together will not save the day.

American Child

By Paul Engle

SHE is a miracle like daily light,
As warm, as moving as that luminous air.
Let her eyes never lose the daily sight
Of the sun's great gold hand on face and hair.
Let all her talk be water from a sweet well,
Tasting of sandy earth, the deep drowned stone.
One sudden day, with strangers, we will tell:
Here is a girl. But look—a woman grown.

Let her live, then, so she may understand
That final, negative and human crime:
Not to learn, in the false fear of too much,
The secret and intolerable touch
From passionate mind and intellectual hand
Of love that knows times when it knows no time.

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The Rise and Growth of Harry Truman

THIS MAN TRUMAN. By Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmeyer. New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw Hill Book Company. 1945. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE hazards of book publishing get entirely too little attention from book reviewers but this pleasant book about Harry Truman emphasizes not only the dangers in the book business but also the troubles of Presidential interpreters while Presidents are still breathing. In terms of its facts, this is still a factually helpful book about the man in the White House, but President Truman himself put an atomic bomb under its thesis on September 6 when he sent his reconversion message to Congress.

One of the virtues of Mr. Truman as the main figure of transition in the American Presidency in the midst of a great war was the strange fact that his personality seemed almost a blank sheet of paper on which all groups and individuals could write their own hopes about the Presidency. Actually, of course, Truman was no such blank. His record in the Senate was clear—and liberal. But his habit of modesty, even of self-depreciation, gave hopes to those whose ideas about America were most distant from his own.

The beginning of the Truman administration was a period of wishful thinking and wishful writing about the new President. Automatically, newspapers were filled with the same kind, sweet, American-unity-in-transition sort of stories that even Calvin Coolidge got. Somehow instead of making the character of Truman clear they helped make it possible for all men to fill his mind with their philosophies. Now here comes the "first full, authoritative biography." It is written by two capable journalists whose "coverage" of Truman, the man and Senator, qualifies them for the task.

Despite some minor errors, the book is an excellent statement of the facts of the Truman story. Some aspects of it are handled with more brevity and superficiality than historians will require. But in general, here is the whole story factually arrayed for the American reader. The book presents enough of Truman's statements to indicate the general pattern of his mind. But the book also carries—without laboring it—the thesis that Truman will reject the "strong-President" idea in American government, here called the "personalized government" of Roosevelt, and "allow free play of the checks and balances of the constitutional system."

Emphasis is given to a statement made by Lord Bryce in "The American Commonwealth" that a President does not need to be a "man of brilliant intellectual gifts." Bryce's book was first published over half a century ago when the strong-President tradition of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln had been beaten down under Andrew Johnson by the combination of partisanship and plundering which followed the Civil War and had not been revived by Cleveland, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts. But this thesis that the President, as the only elected representative of the whole people, need not be a "strong President" has grown in popularity in the aftermath of every great war—as it has been growing lustily since April.

Mr. Truman, as he indicated in 16,000 words addressed to the Congress on September 6, is not impressed by the proposal. He asked Congress in one message for practically every piece of legislation proposed by liberals and most of that opposed by conservatives. His proposals involve not less but more Presidential power in peacetime. This swing to the left of the man who was being gently carried by politicians and publicists to the right seems to surprise a great many people. Most of them, however, had been reading their own minds rather than the record. You don't make a conservative President out of a man who, while operating as a Senator, calmly declared that Carnegie Libraries are "steeped in the blood of the Homestead steel workers" and that the Rockefeller Foundation is "founded on the dead miners of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., and a dozen other similar performances."

In justice to Brothers McNaughton and Hehmeyer, it must be said that there are aspects of the character of President Truman which gave color to their now exploded thesis. Truman is a strong party man. Undoubtedly much of his philosophy about the Presidency was acquired in the Senate. He likes to get along well with his associates. Unfortunately, however, as President—and the President of all the people—he faces the greatest peace-time problems any President ever faced before him with the possible exceptions of Johnson and Franklin Roosevelt. As President he cannot escape the responsibility for dealing with those problems however much his proposals may displease his friends in the Senate.

Mr. Truman has been defamed by his friends—or some newcomers aspiring to his friendship. He will fight; before he sent his message to Congress, there was nothing so clear as that in the record of the man. He will try, as much as any President who ever sat in the White House, to seek agreement, to listen to counsel, to preserve party unity. But he cannot be only the Senate's man or the politician's President and please the people to whom alone in final analysis he must be responsible.

—Harris and Ewing

President Truman "undoubtedly knows more . . . about the problems of this nation . . . than any other American."

Mr. Truman has sometimes seemed to give validity to the notions of those who thought he would reject the "strong-President" idea by his own modesty and self-depreciation. But there is nothing in the record that indicates he is a man without the qualities necessary to the making of a strong President. Indeed, far otherwise; his conduct of the Truman Committee showed him a man of intellectual power and of the greatest gifts in dealing with people and problems. He is no speaker. He has neither the brilliance of the Roosevelts nor the poetry of Lincoln. But if he has called himself a country boy, he is no country fool. He has read enough history to have a sense of history. Today undoubtedly he knows more, as he has more sources of information, about the terrific problems of this nation as it turns to peace than any other American. They are not the problems with which a weak President can hope to deal.

This book will provide facts for the people about their President. It is an honest book, I think, if uninspired and incorrect in its judgment about the pattern Truman would give to the Presidency. The President himself seems to have begun to write that chapter. It must be, at last, a story of a man who used every Presidential power to serve the people in the time of their toughest change or the story of a President who set out to please all the politicians and only failed the people of the United States.

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The War Behind the Milkman

NOT IN OUR STARS. By Sgt. Josiah E. Greene. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 588 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE Macmillan Centenary Award for the best novel submitted by an American serving in the armed forces has resulted in the publication of a book about an older and longer war than that waged by the United Nations. "Not in Our Stars" is a novel of the war between managers and workmen, between youth and age, between fear and resolution. It is largely a story of compromise and surrender.

The scene of this petty and protracted warfare, which seems a microcosm of the human struggle, is a metropolitan dairy farm. Its actors are the seventy or eighty people who make their living in the dairy offices and barns and on the delivery routes. Mr. Greene has spared no pains and no paper in setting the detailed workings of a dairy company before us. Anyone who is curious about the organization which deposits three quarts of milk and a pint of cream on his doorstep before breakfast can find it all here—the business problems, the rivalry between companies, the personal jealousies in the offices and the drivers' room, the home life of the men who pull off their white coveralls when the day's work is done, the social life of people bound together by community existence and a common economic interest. There is a wide variety of human nature at Weyland Meadows, from the sportsman-owner with his red-gold Florida tan to the lowly barn boys in manure-caked shoes. And like the world outside, most of the people at Weyland Meadows live with a brisk acceptance that half-obscures the emptiness within them.

The tangled threads of many lives make up the pattern of this long novel. Some of the threads are of intense interest—the ardent, motherless Freda Ellis and her persecution by the gossiping, cruel-minded community; the barn boys Dick Flemhos and Boo Fusek who do their work with a belief and integrity which the bosses lack; clear-eyed Sonia Goetz frustrated by her husband's weakness and surrender; bitter, limping Lew Barchi fanning sparks of discontent and waiting for a conflagration. But other stories in this complex narrative are not interesting because the people are not important. There are episodes in the lives of tired, jaded, or sullen people. There are bickering and resentment, there is a good deal of smarting under small defeats. The business episodes are over-detailed, and the book is a third too long.

There remain in this novel an honesty, a verisimilitude, and at times a penetration which take a complete hold of one's belief and one's sympathies. Swan Ellis, trying to be all things to his motherless children, convincingly escapes the meanness and rancor of the life around him. Lew Barchi, scarred by a boyhood in city slums and crippled by an industrial accident, burns with a deep and undeniable purpose. Dick Flemhos, in his dark imprisoned mind, dimly senses his kinship with the cattle—they too got the short end from the world—and loses his life while trying to save a calf from the flaming barn. There are strife, stress, and upheaval in this picture of a seemingly uneventful community.

Such integration as this many-stranded novel contains is supplied by the presence of young Clint Matlock who came to Weyland Meadows eager and ambitious, confident of himself and of the future of the company. A year later, at the end of the novel, he is ready to get out. Living with a farm family, working in the manager's office, seeing the life of the community around him, he concluded that the farm was not what he hoped to find it. And the fault was in themselves, in their own pettiness and cruelty. He would have agreed with Dick Flemhos that the cows in their stanchions were the best creatures on the place.

—Blackstone Studios

Sgt. Josiah E. Greene has written "a story of compromise and surrender."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SMEARS AND STAINS

Each of the characters in this week's quiz is memorably associated with smears or stains. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for points for naming either the characters of the story in which he appears, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 43.

1. As soon as she scrubbed the blood strains off one side of a closet key they appeared on the other.

2. A smear of green paint on this young man's nightgown was the proof that he had stolen a valuable jewel from his intended fiancee.

3. With Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover and Paragon Detergent an unsentimental American removed a blood stain that had been on an English castle floor for 300 years, and this ghost had to renew it every night with watercolors.

4. While sleepwalking, she went through the motions of washing her hands in a futile effort to remove imaginary bloodstains.

5. Observing traces of reddish mud on the instep of this man's shoes, his room mate correctly concluded that he had been to the neighboring post office.

6. When, after long and painful preparation, this young man felt sufficiently well-dressed to receive his girl friend for tea, he discovered that the seat of his trousers was smeared with paint which he had acquired by sitting on his sister's paint box.

7. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

8. Angry because the artist had interfered with her love affairs, this model took a bottle of turpentine and a palette-knife and in five minutes reduced his masterpiece to a formless smudge.

9. Finding at their trysting place his girl friend's blood-smeared veil, he jumped to the conclusion that she had been devoured by a lion and killed himself in despair.

10. She wanted red roses on her Easter bonnet—and got them when the white artificial roses on it were stained with the blood of the wounded admirer who delivered it.

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My Case Against Contemporary American Fiction

ALEXANDER COWIE

I HAVE just finished reading "Bleak House," and it has moved me as very few contemporary novels can. I got to wondering why. Of course there is always the likelihood that an old fogy (*i.e.*, anyone more than forty-five years old) will take pleasure in an emotional reunion with a book loved years ago. Yet other books similarly revisited do not yield the same enjoyment. There must be another explanation. It is certainly not that "Bleak House" is a faultless novel. Its plot, much admired for its unity, is stitched together with such a series of coincidences as would make a modern technician shudder. Other tricks and errors of Dickens seemed even more obvious than before. Yet the power of the book remained undiminished. Why? Why does Dickens still seem to dwarf almost every novelist of our time? Why do we care so deeply for the fate of his characters and so little for people in the new novels?

You can answer "genius" and let it go at that. And it is true that nature seems unpredictable about allocating genius to areas and eras. But doesn't even genius need a favorable environment? The choicest seeds in your garden will not necessarily come to fruition unless you provide something like the right conditions. Possibly in America, now, there are potential geniuses coming to blight instead of to flower. Modern American drama has been ailing for reasons lately discussed in these columns. Reasons for the lowered vitality of the American novel are less demonstrable, but they are perhaps more deepseated.

What, then, is the secret of Dickens's power over his readers? What did he have that we haven't got? Leaving out the imponderables like "genius," one thinks of two or three things. One of these is the simple factor of time. "Bleak House" was under composition for nearly two years and under contemplation for an even longer time. Dickens did not merely dip into his subject; he was saturated in it. But to reach the saturation point is difficult for the successful modern novelist, what with the public clamoring for "more of the same" and the publisher biting his nails with impatience. Surely here is a simple, salutary, oft-forgotten lesson. Too many of our novels are rushed to the market to meet a real or fancied demand for the early product. With "forced fingers rude" we pluck our fruits before they have had time to mature from within: they have bulk without flavor. Now art is not artifice, and there are certain demands that nature makes, and always will make, upon the artist. She insists that the element of time is not to be outwitted. Our babies do not clamor to be born one day earlier despite all the acceleration of modern life. But our novelists, taking their cue from the machine instead of from nature, think to step up production. It just won't do. Oh, they can put together a smart, synthetic laboratory job—evoking the flavor of life about as successfully as

lemonade made from citric acid. Nobody will care much for it. Art is still long.

In "Bleak House" Dickens had a plot involving, among other things, the parentage of an attractive woman. It is a plot which no up-to-date novelist would touch: in the fingerprint age we are no longer thrilled by the mere disclosure of the identity of a person—legitimate or otherwise. But in Victorian England it meant a great deal to discover that Esther Summerson was the offspring of Lady Deadlock's liaison with Captain Hawdon. It meant much to the awesome Tulkinghorn, whose full possession of the facts was promptly followed by his taking off in one of the best murders in fiction. It meant much to the aristocratic Sir Leicester Deadlock, to the socially ambitious Guppy, to gentle John Jarndyce, and in fact finally to every character in the entire story down to Jo the crossing-sweeper, who is chivied to death because of certain information he happens to possess. And—here is the point—it makes a great deal of difference to the reader. In *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a reviewer of Mr. Marquand's latest novel suggests that whereas Mr. Marquand displays almost every conceivable gift of the novelist, yet throughout much of the story he seems unable to make the reader "care." It is a significant point. Our dead-pan objectivity, our Hemingwayese horror of seeming to give a damn, our steely, sterile habit of probing lives—these have the effect of enlisting curiosity at the process of an experiment in human psychology (or physiology) but not often enough of making the reader really *care* about the subjects of the experiments.

But it is precisely this effect that Dickens achieves to the fullest, and I think he succeeds partly by living with his subject long enough to get at the genuine springs of emotional behavior. He doesn't put people under examination; he follows them around. He became so imbued with the reality of his characters, we are told, that during his endless walks around the streets of London he was accustomed to point out a "Swiveller" or a "Dombey." And when it came time to allow Paul Dombey to die, Dickens walked the streets of Paris for a whole night —to such an extent did he live the emotions of his characters. Your dapper modern novelist would have donned a neat white laboratory-jacket and dispatched Paul in an hour without any fuss. No need to get worked up. The contemporary novelist often seems to have some such interest in his characters as one would have in a fellow-passenger on a longish bus-ride or short cruise. The passenger is likable (or not) and he excites curiosity. At the end of the trip he vanishes from sight and mind. If one followed him home and lived with him, curiosity would turn into concern for his welfare. It takes time to develop affection for people. Only in fiction is there love at first sight

Yet it is obvious from the length of many contemporary novels that they could not have been produced in an *extremely* short time. There must be other reasons why readers don't care. A second factor, it seems to me, is the journalistic eye. The tremendous influence of news-reporting on American fiction has been both good and bad. On the debit side there is the remorseless impersonality of much modern writing. The commandment "Thou shalt not editorialize" has killed much interest. A writer gives us a blow-by-blow account of an industrial cataclysm. Who cares? Still another offers a break-down of life on a Midwestern farm. Another presents a pill-by-pill narrative about a neurotic member of New York's aspirin set.

Who cares about these novels? Very few readers. And the simple proof

(*Continued on page* 44)

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of Literature

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"FEAR AMONG FEARS"

THERE has probably never been a time when so many have lived with the thought of fear as today. Even the most heedless, even the most optimistic, is now aware of a force unleashed against which man has no protection except his own will to self-preservation. Other ages, certainly, have felt themselves confronted with armies and navies which threatened national power and supremacy, but never before in historic time has civilization as a whole been faced with obliteration. Today we have reached the parting of the ways; either man must find a way to peaceful settlement of his differences or he must go down to death under them. And it is the tragedy of his plight that while determination is the road to salvation he has so little confidence in his own ability to resolve his danger.

"There is nothing to fear but fear," said President Roosevelt when war was at its grimmest, and strange dichotomy though it be, the statement still holds true for the present. The fear is there, the fear lest a bomb lay waste all that humanity has built up through painful centuries of slow advance, lay waste humanity itself, and the fear *must* be there to insure its conquest. But the fear is only useful insofar as it forces men to believe that they can afford to fear nothing—neither the failures of the past nor the improbabilities of the future. New worlds have always been won by daring, by the courage to venture on the unknown. It is faint hearts rather than adventure that can bring about the end of society, the weakness that draws back from trying the seemingly impractical, that refuses to attempt the difficult because of lack of faith, and perhaps unfavorable past experience, make it seem insuperable.

There is so little time, and yet that little time could mean so infinitely much for humanity were men everywhere to dedicate themselves not to the resolution of the thronging problems which oppress the world and for the solution of which generations, or even centuries, may be required, but to building the bridge to their settlement. What the hour demands beyond and before everything else is an act of faith—the profound conviction that man is still the master of his fate and that he who has been able to bend the secret forces of nature to his will can impel his own nature to the betterment not the destruction of mankind. Peace will never be won by the doubters and the fearful; it will only be won by those reasonable, or idealistic, or fanatical souls who refuse to believe that man cannot be regimented for good as well as for ill, who, failing in one experiment, will try another, who will persevere, when skeptics cry defeat, and who day in day out will know no cessation of their endeavors. The danger before us today is twofold; it is the danger of inertia through doubt, and the danger of the relaxation of vigilance through the relief following upon the tension of war.

In the past a nation which for years has been geared for war, once the immediacy of conflict has been removed, has for the time-being at least felt itself delivered from danger. And it is inevitable that even today, when men's minds tell them that the deliverance is of the moment only, their spirit should respond to the cessation of hostilities, their hearts should beat light again in release from fear of the casualty lists. But the danger is upon them and as pressing as ever. They cannot for a moment afford to forget it; it must be of the warp and the woof of their thinking. Their young men cannot go back to their schools and their work in the expectation of peaceful living. They must think and live in the knowledge that only the compulsion of their will to peace can save them from the compulsion of arms. In our schools, our universities, from our pulpits and political rostrums there can be no dalliance with the seriousness of the hour. No matter how eager for normal living the nation it cannot relax its fibre.

It is now or never. Responsible individuals will yield to no public expression of weariness in their efforts; they must write, and speak, harp from morning to night on the only salvation for society, the willingness to abrogate some of its powers for the general good, to assume new obligations for the sake of self-preservation. We have won one war by the force of arms. Now we must win the greater and more imperative one by force of ideas. Education, education, and more education toward an internationalism which is no mere loose union of antagonistic powers but a true fusion of nations through the establishment of a power enforceable by law created by all of them, and greater than any of them, is what we must have if we are to survive. To that education and that union there is no one so small that he cannot add his share. But the very basis of his usefulness is his faith in the accomplishment of the impossible by eradication of his fear that it is unobtainable.

A. L.

To a Jungle Butterfly

(AFTER ROBERT BURNS)

By Pvt. Woodrow Boone

GENTLE gem of jungle jade,
Pulsing flash of tropic sea,
Thou, like man, whom God hath made,
Fear not harm shall come to thee.

Murd'rous thought, I would ha' snatched thee
Wi' a warring cruel intent,
Presst thee, souvenir to be;
Slain for beauty's selfish bent;

Presst to serve as favor'd bookmark,
Death to thee, for life wi' Keats;
Shrined to heart wi' Shelley's Skylark;
Shakespeare's songs to still its beats.

True, I love thy golden glow,
Grey-white wing, and rainbow ee,
Soft encircle-patterned show,
Marvel'd dream of symmetry.

Yea, my destined purport here deals wi' death
Men know no peace—
Though I need na still thy breath;
Here, I give thee thy release.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Poet to Poet"

SIR: Our recent anthology, "Poet to Poet: A Treasury of Golden Criticism," has been called "new," "novel," "unique," "refreshingly different" by many reviewers—and we were inclined to agree with them.

Now, to our considerable surprise, we discover that, in 1894, "Poets on Poets," edited by Mrs. Richard Strachey, was published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., in London. There are many significant differences between the two anthologies but their central idea is the same.

HOUSTON PETERSON.
WILLIAM S. LYNCH.
New York, N. Y.

Calkins on Advertising

SIR: Although the entire *Yank* edition of *The Saturday Review* is an impressive demonstration of the versatility and resourcefulness of the American army, the article that hit me hardest and seemed most significant was Sergeant Al Hine's "Strictly Personal" comment on the advertising of books. Publishers should give earnest consideration to his ideas, particularly the advice to coöperate in the promotion of books as books as distinct from and in addition to the advertising of specific books. For forty years that has been a strong conviction of mine, and at one time I spent hundreds of dollars and considerable time that might have been devoted to a more profitable solicitation trying to persuade publishers to do that very thing. I am gratified that a spokesman for the present generation has reached similar conclusions, for I presume Sergeant Hine must have been just learning to read when I sprung my plan on a not very receptive publishing world.

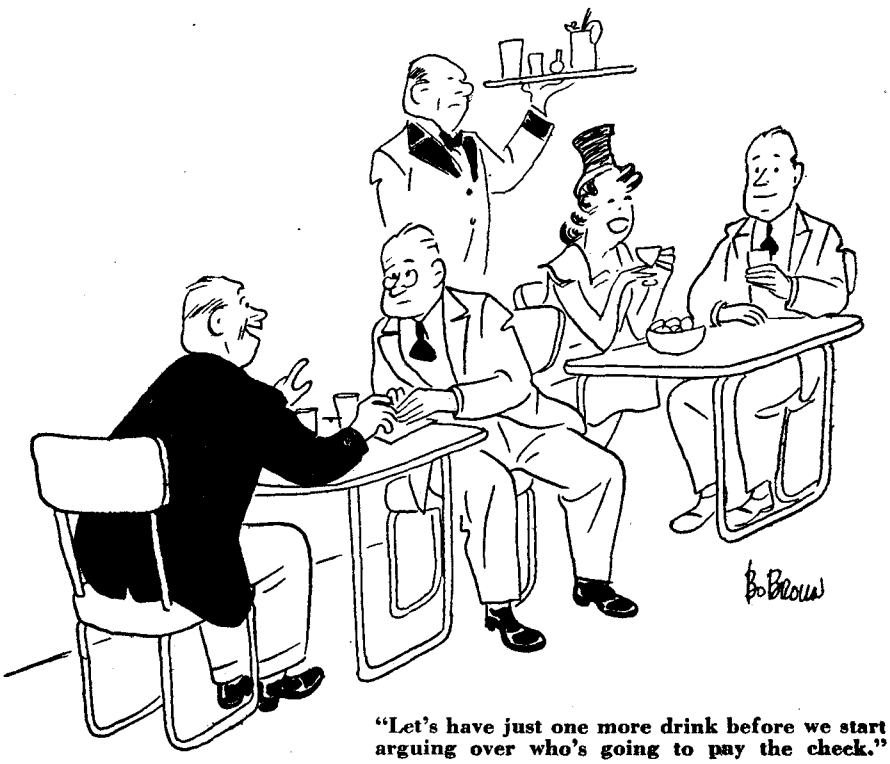
The basic idea was a joint appropriation of a cent a copy on all books, to sell the reading habit. The total annual sale of books at that time was about 191,000,000, or about a book and a half a year per capita, infants, imbeciles, and Indians included. I knew something of coöperative advertising for I helped to launch the first venture of that kind, that of the tile manufacturers, and was fired by the idea that the publishers by a united effort could reach out beyond that little close corporation of chronic book readers to the great untapped market beyond. Not only was it too big a job for any one house, but it was not fair that one house should pay for a promotion that would benefit all.

A corollary of my plan was more and better outlets. There were few good bookstores; many quite large cities had none, and most of those existing were less efficient than the average store selling groceries or drugs. Except in a few large cities and an occasional favored small town, there were no bookshops that were in themselves invitations to read. So I wanted the coöperative organization to establish chain bookstores, stores in which an atmosphere of books prevailed, that would be in themselves an invitation to read, that would create book readers exactly as the United Cigar Stores created smokers. I knew that was possible, for I had seen it done. In the 1890s my native town, Galesburg, Illinois, was considered the best book town between Chicago and Denver, because of the vision and real love of books of the woman partner in the firm, and for that store I wrote the first book advertising I ever did. I have written reams of such advertising since.

It seemed to me preposterous that anything so intrinsically interesting as books should be advertised so dumbly, and almost criminal that so large a potential market as the unreading public should be neglected. Not reading books was a habit just as was reading books, and habits could be changed by education—that is, by advertising—exactly as housewives had been weaned from lard to vegetable shortening, and men from straight razors to safetys. I pointed out to the publishers, as Sergeant Hine does also, that publishers' advertising was confined to mediums reaching people who already read books, that it was restricted to the advertising of specific books, that what was needed was a background campaign telling why they should read books addressed to the mass of people who did not ordinarily read them, and that only the combined strength of the publishing world could carry out such a promotion. I criticized the belief that a book must sell for two dollars—that was the standard price then—and argued that the rule applied to books as to other articles of barter and sale, that given the demand, the lower the price the greater the sales.

In the course of a year or so every publisher in the United States was interviewed. Many admitted the logic of the plan, and even its theoretical possibility. The real obstacle was that the publishers could not or would not coöperate. Some devoted the interview to telling me confidentially just how poor an opinion they had of the good faith of their competitors. The principal direct result of the agitation was to furnish the leaven that produced the book clubs, and their history has confirmed some of my hunches. Also, J. J. Cuddihy was one of the converts. He published the plan in the *Literary Digest,* and gave me a contract for $250,000 to advertise his magazine and books as a sort of consolation prize. The plan was also discussed at length in *Printers' Ink* and the *Publishers' Weekly.*

The point is, the publishers would not heed me, but I hope they will heed Sergeant Hine. The time is more favorable than it was twenty-five years ago. The course of events has proved that much of what I then believed was true. The public is reading more books today and more people are reading books than ever before, and nothing but lack of paper prevents sales from reaching even greater volume. This tide should be taken at the flood and plans made to keep the readers so cheaply acquired. The lessons that



"Let's have just one more drink before we start arguing over who's going to pay the check."

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necessity has taught should not be forgotten, such, for instance, as the popularity of the smaller, lighter book, wide distribution of sales outlets, and the opportunities afforded by an inexpensive low-priced format for the more ephemeral books. One of the most surprising things is the number of really attractive books that have been manufactured under such adverse conditions. Above all, publishers should unite in a large scale permanent effort to keep before the millions of readers the usefulness, the necessity, the entertainment, of books, as auto manufacturers do motoring, the cereal folk do breakfast foods, and the soft drink makers do "cokes."

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.
Lakeville, Conn.

"Modern Man Is Obsolete"

SIR: Isn't there *one* dissenting voice?

I personally thought the editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete" [*SRL*, Aug. 18], was penned in fine fervor but it's much too long and involved to hold the attention of your run-of-the-mines G.I. Joe.

HILTON A. WICK, M.D.
New Bethlehem, Pa.

SIR: Mine will probably be a lone voice in the wilderness raised mildly against your editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete."

Although containing much that was excellent and provocative, your editorial was evidently inspired by fear and seems to appeal largely to the instinct of fear (of the unknown) in your readers. You suggest that the people of all nations start huddling together, chattering and praying that the politicians who will run the new world government will somehow be able to spare them—at least those who vote right—from total destruction. Unholy fear of the *idea* of the atomic bomb, to me seems somewhat ludicrous. Can the fear of being burned to death by atomic forces be any greater than the fear of being burned to death by a flame thrower?

You want man to squelch his competitive instincts and become completely coöperative. I do not deny that the world can use more coöperation. But it seems to be a law of nature that all forces, organic or inorganic, are competitive. Plant life is competitive, animals are competitive, insects, even bees, are competitive. The atom itself is competitive. One atom can displace several weaker atoms of another substance. It would be difficult to convince the atom that this display of force is undesirable.

Scientists will tell you that no fundamental laws of physics have been violated in the fission of the atom—in particular those pertaining to action and reaction, momentum and inertia, or the conservation of energy. The power released by the distintegration of the atom is not limitless. So please take a deep breath of relief and write an editorial on your plans for fitting 150,000,000 Germans and Japs into a system of world government without the use of force or mirrors.

NEIL TRIMBLE.
Chicago, Ill.

New York in 1908

SIR: I have just finished an extremely interesting book on our early history—"The Way Our People Lived," by W. E. Woodward. I assume that all the data is authentic. It certainly seems so to me; and I am fairly well read in Americana.

But the concluding chapter that describes the era that I can very well remember—New York in 1908—contains an interpretation of the mores of the day which is far from authentic. The author says:

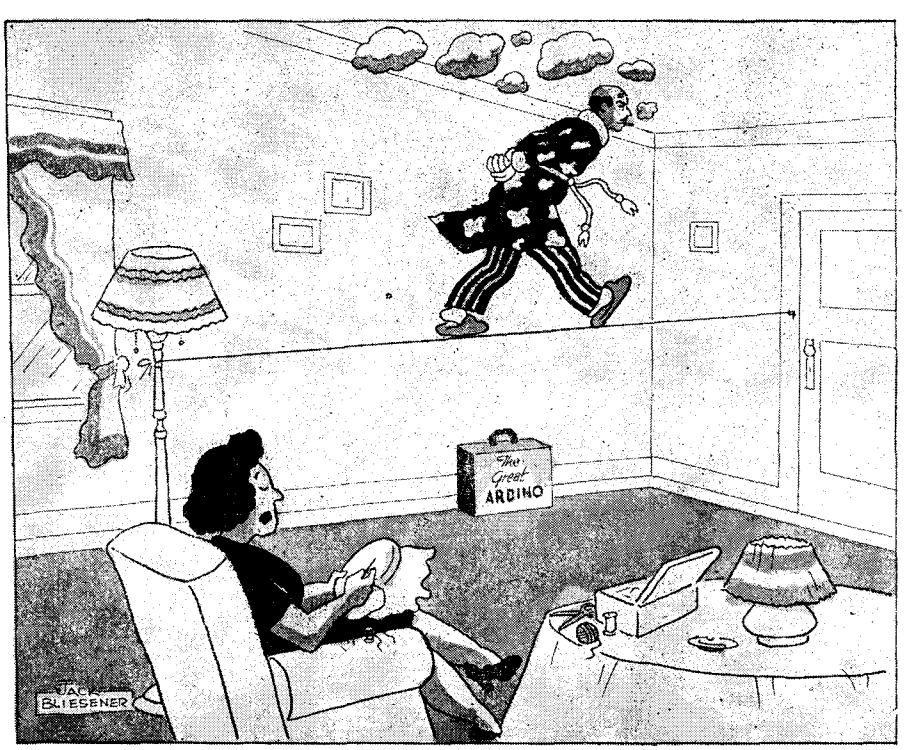
> In preparing for the twenty-mile run to the city, Robert Mitchell and his wife donned goggles and long yellow dusters. In addition to these protective devices Ruth wore a veil and her wide floppy hat was tied down close to her ears by a scarf which was passed over her head and under her chin. Motoring in those days involved a sort of ritual, like all snobbish pursuits before and since that era. Until Henry Ford began to produce cheap cars by the million the ownership and use of an automobile was a form of snobbery, for the mere possession of such an expensive mechanical contrivance put car owners in a class apart from the common run of humanity.

While there may have been a certain amount of snobbish satisfaction in owning a car, I am sure that Mr. Woodward totally misrepresents the cause of the extraordinary precautions which we used to take against the wind that we encountered while automobiling. It should be noted that during the early days of the automobile, they were almost always open cars; and even when the flapping curtains were let down there was little protection. The limousine was seldom seen. I think most of those were especially expensive imported cars. Furthermore, the fastest we had ever travelled along the highways was seven or eight miles an hour. That was considered a good fast clip for a horse. It was naturally at first a somewhat disconcerting experience. Ladies in those days observed a certain propriety in their dress. They did not care to appear disheveled. Such ungainly, and unbecoming, clothes as slacks, were not even faintly dreamed of. Walking in the streets, or even at the beaches, hatless had not occurred to ladies, nor had the well-groomed woman the least idea that it could be considered proper to appear in public with long hair that was guiltless of hair pins or ribbon.

No, it was not a mere snobbish ritual to wrap up in veil and scarves before entering an automobile. It was the desire to remain neat and orderly. I can remember my first ride perfectly. It was in a two-passenger open car. We drove a ways up the Hudson. Before my friend started the car, he solicitously asked me (I was in the thirties at the time) if I wore any false teeth. He begged me to remove them if I did as the strong vibration of the car was apt to loosen them. I might swallow them and choke. Or they might drop from my mouth and be lost.

After all, even if we did not then fly along at sixty or seventy-five miles an hour, the usual twenty-mile gait was more than double what we had been used to.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.
New York City.



"Pace, pace, pace!"

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The first and second prize winners

IN THE 1945

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORY CONTEST

Sponsored by DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

ARE BOTH PUBLISHED IN AMERICA BY

Random House

FIRST PRIZE

Walter Van Tilburg Clark

author of THE OX-BOW INCIDENT and THE CITY OF TREMBLING LEAVES

SECOND PRIZE

Irwin Shaw

author of WELCOME TO THE CITY, SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN, BURY THE DEAD and THE ASSASSIN, a new play which is now in rehearsal.

SEND FOR A COMPLETE CATALOG

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE first great "blessings" of the post-war world is the rebirth of the virtually complete tie-up of vehicular traffic in midtown New York between the hours of ten and six. It took me thirty-two minutes one day last week to go by taxi from Fifty-seventh Street to Forty-fourth. They seem to have dragged all the jalopies out of the Smithsonian Institution for the special purpose of parking double on Madison Avenue, and the bus drivers have gone hog-wild in careening from side to side of the avenues and stopping at just the proper angle to block completely two lanes of traffic. A flock of summonses to offenders will help a little bit, but obviously nothing really constructive can be accomplished until parking is prohibited entirely between Twenty-third Street and Fifty-ninth, and every avenue, with the possible exception of Fifth, made one-way.

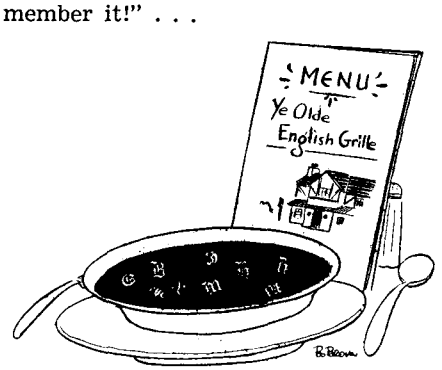
Shortsighted merchants who have opposed these long-overdue measures must be made to see that endless traffic jams simply block their entrances and hurt them even more than the inconvenienced public. In Chicago, the same kind of squawks were made when parking was abandoned in the entire Loop district, but surveys showed that everybody benefited from the move—merchants most of all.

That Loop parking ban led to a famous practical joke whose aftermath was by far the funniest part of the story. A veteran bookman was tendered a dinner to celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary with one firm. As the climax of the evening, he was presented with a special pass, signed by Chicago's mayor, giving him the unique privilege of parking his car as long as he liked anywhere in the Loop. Tears of gratitude came into the bookman's eyes. He had no idea that the pass was a complete fake. His "pals" sat back to await the hullabaloo when he tried to use it for the first time.

Then came the pay-off. The Chicago police, it developed, were just as convinced by the pass as the man who flashed it! He used it blissfully for at least three solid years, and, for all I know, it is still seeing service. Not one copper ever questioned its validity. The bookman took special pleasure in demonstrating its magic powers whenever one of his would-be tormentors was riding with him in the car. . . .

DALE WARREN writes from Houghton Mifflin: "Rafael Sabatini has been proclaimed a master of the opening line ever since the publication of 'Scaramouche' which began, 'He was born with a gift for laughter and a sense that the world was mad.' His new novel about Frederick the Great, 'The Birth of Mischief,' opens with an equally memorable line: 'Charles Stuart-Dene, Marquess of Alverley, looked at humanity, and wondered why it was.'" What a kidder that boy Warren is! . . . The cagey owner of the Bermuda Bookstore solved an acute labor problem with an ad that read, "Young women (age 45-60) urgently needed as sales clerks." . . . To prevent Bill Benét's Phoenix Nest from monopolizing all the poetry in the *SRL*, here's a couplet by Myra Thompson that reads, "Spring is largely overrated, If you are already mated," and another by Joe Lewis, poet laureate of the Copacabana, "Said the cigarette to the tray on the shelf, I just go on making an ash of myself." . . . Likely best-sellers coming up: "Daisy Kenyon," by Elizabeth Janeway (sold to Fox for $150,000); "The River Road," by Frances Parkinson Keyes; "Ho! The Fair Wind," by I. A. R. Wylie: "I Love Miss Tillie Bean," by Ilka Chase.

GENE FOWLER'S next literary chore will be a biography of Paul Whiteman. . . . Walter Hard writes that a couple stopped in front of his Johnny Appleseed Bookshop in Manchester, and the man started to come inside. "Just you come away from there," said his wife firmly. "I'm not going to have you buy a book. I came up here to rest." . . . Henry Canby, chairman of the Board of Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is going to hear a few things the next time he turns up at headquarters. On the radio the other morning, he was enthusing about a new selection. The interviewer asked him the name of the book. There was a moment's painful silence, and then Dr. Canby was heard saying very distinctly, "I'll be damned! I don't remember it!" . . .



J. DONALD ADAMS (whose essay on Scott Fitzgerald in the September *Mercury* is required reading) has sent me the following piece by Max Eastman, written for the *Martha's Vineyard Gazette*, and reprinted here by permission:

> One of life's problems I've never solved is to find a barber who will cut my hair the way I want it instead of the way he thinks it ought to be cut. The difficulty is increased by my fellow-feeling for the barber. I am an artist myself, and my art consists very largely (especially at its best) of cutting. Therefore, I naturally sympathize with a man who wants to be left alone with his destructive impulses. On the other hand, my hair, which grew grey much faster than I grew wise, has been one of my principal assets on the lecture-platform.
>
> It is one of those clashes of two authentic ideals, two ways of life, soluble in the last analysis only by a resort to arms. However, one never ceases to hope that some compromise can be arranged by negotiation and appeasement. For once the battle begins, the barber is, of course, armed, and the author pinioned under a winding sheet.
>
> Our friend Jascha Heifetz, who has been resting on the Vineyard after a tour of the army camps in Europe, went to a local barber last Wednesday in this mood of hope. Entering the shop hesitantly, and holding the door open for a quick exit, he murmured in a timid voice: "I wonder if you could give me a particularly careful haircut?"
>
> He meant a musical haircut, which is substantially the same thing as a literary one, and, although the sums involved are larger, based on the same vital considerations.
>
> "I guess I can cut your hair all right," the barber said.
>
> Jascha was frightened, but he had lost hold of the door and, being the soul of courtesy, found it impossible not to go forward upon this answer and sit down in the barber's chair. He was pinioned under the sheet before he could draw a deprecatory breath.
>
> "Have you, by the way, a small mirror?" he whispered.
>
> "What do you want a small mirror for?" the barber asked. "Look a' here, are you going to watch me all the time I'm cutting this hair?"
>
> "Oh, no, no," Jascha said. "I just thought you might let me see how you cut it at the back."
>
> The barber had already unpinned the winding-sheet.
>
> "I guess it's too hot for this job," he said, and, twitching it off with a disgusted gesture, retired to an alcove at the rear.
>
> Jascha tried hard to think of something vitriolic to say, but, not having any vitriol about him, finally answered meekly, "Yes, I guess it is," and walked out of the shop.
>
> I can't help envying that barber his moment of immortality. A lot of barbers have cut the hair of great men and a lot are willing to tell you about it at some length. But how many—what single one outside of Martha's Vineyard—has the distinction of having refused to cut

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"Why, Sgt. Price, your experiences as a civilian are fascinating—you ought to write a book about them!"

the hair of history's greatest violinist?

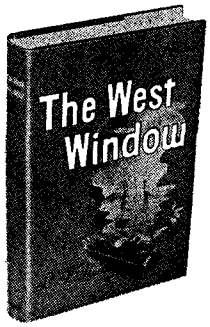
DANIEL BELL, managing editor of *Common Sense,* writes, "Can't we down once and for all the rumors that Henry Luce has bought our magazine? It is staler than Dewey's campaign arguments, and is definitely not true. *Common Sense* will continue to appear under independent auspices." . . . Little, Brown announce the receipt of Ethel Vance's new manuscript, "Winter Meeting." It bears no resemblance whatever to her last two bestsellers, "Escape" and "Reprisal." . . . Oxford University Press reports a lurid tale in connection with Major Jim Corbett's just-published thriller, "Man-Eaters of Kumaon." Somebody conceived the notion of reproducing a tiger's pug marks (footprints to you) on the title page, so a keeper at the Bronx Zoo entered the cage of Ranee, an eighteen-months'-old tiger cub, and inked the beast's paws. Ranee, definitely not amused, ripped off most of the keeper's clothes, but a perfect set of pug marks were obtained from shreds of what had once been a Brooks Brothers shirt. The name of the intrepid keeper is not divulged, but a scout whispers that he bore a striking resemblance to Oxford's resourceful Harry Hatcher. . . . A recent issue of *Yank* reprints the query of a disgruntled service man: "Today I purchased a Hershey Bar at the PX, as did the soldier with me. His contained nine almonds; mine had only seven. Is this fair?" *Yank's* complete comment, rendered after what must have been painful cogitation, was "No." . . . Edna Lee Booker, in "Flight from China," writes that the menu in the Shanghai internment camp was so wretched and so interminably the same that inmates would ask, "How's the chow?" just to give fellow prisoners the pleasure of answering, "Hebrews 13:8." Look it up for yourself. . . .

SRL EDITORS are doing all right for themselves. Norman Cousins's outstanding editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete," is being published in amplified book form by Viking. Harrison Smith has been acting his "Genius in the Madhouse" over the radio on CBS. A picture company may buy his story, but probably has a different style in mind for it. . . .

AN IMPORTANT Brazilian diplomat visited Van and Emmy Cartmell in Long Island last week. Before retiring at 2 a.m., the diplomat suggested that, if it wasn't too much trouble, he would like a couple of cups of hot coffee. He downed three cups—without sugar or cream—with evident satisfaction. "How many cups of coffee do you generally take in the course of a day?" asked Emmy Cartmell. "Twenty-five to thirty," said the diplomat. "Doesn't all that coffee keep you awake?" Cartmell asked. The diplomat thought for a moment. "Not always," he answered slowly, "but it helps."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



HAVING already considered **The West Window** as a novel about the humorous plight of a small boy, Eustace, plagued by the choking love of his sister, Hilda, I want to consider it now from the broader standpoint of general significance.

The West Window, by L. P. HARTLEY, demonstrates with great care the problem of human complexity and its propensity towards maladjustment. Ordinarily this maladjustment is not only ignored in children, but let to run until it reaches such a fix that a psychiatrist is called in to ferret out the root of the difficulty.

It is common knowledge and the source of much cocktail party humor that neuroses may have their origin in what seem to be trivial incidents occurring in childhood. If there is any solid thought at all behind such jokes, it is based on astonishment that children can be so complicated, so secretly potential.

Yet children *are* complicated, damn complicated. I have often thought that what is called the age of discretion would more truthfully be called the age of solidification. Up to the age of say, 21, the mind is in process of developing and codifying its methods of thinking. After 21, we may add to our knowledge, or, if we are exceptional, push a new bulge in the frontiers of understanding, but our thinking mechanism, like the bones of the skull, is set and cannot be resculptured. Most of us close up mental shop. Yet as children, our horizons were continuously broadening. Starting with a mere tribal gurgle in place of speech, we spent five years asking enough questions to drive our parents insane. And by the time we were the age of Eustace and Hilda, we were very complicated. Our progress in nine years was to the orientation of living what the seven years progress on the atomic bomb is to science.

The West Window, then, is a study of the embryology of civilized man. To ignore its implications, however unpleasant they may be, is to close up mental shop.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

BUT WHY?

THE business of criticism admits its gall by being divided into three parts. At least it does according to a venerable, if unsatisfactory, prescription. This insists the reviewer should determine what the doer (who may or may not be an artist) has set out to do; say how well he has done it; and then decide whether or not it be worth the doing.

In moments of dismay, when it would be better if what is on the critical carpet were not there at all, the last of these three duties is apt to dwindle into an exasperated, "But why?" With what sullenness this question can demand a hearing, with what a sense of outrage it can repeat itself for two and a half supposedly pleasant hours, I was reminded last week when, for reasons now obscure to me, I elected to see "Marinka,"* a "new romantic musical" about Rudolph of Hapsburg, and what used to be identified as the tragedy of Mayerling.

What really happened inside the hunting lodge of the Austrian Crown Prince on that January night in 1889 is, of course, unknown. All that is certain is that the bodies of Rudolph and the young Baroness Vetsera were found there. Everyone remotely connected with the affair was sworn to secrecy. The official dossier was excluded from the state archives. It was merely announced they had committed suicide.

Where there was so much governmental smoke, the natural assumption was that there must have been even more amorous fire. The mystery of Mayerling only heightened the tragedy's appeal. It put it within the range of everyone's guessing.

Did the lovers die as the result of a suicide pact? Did Rudolph shoot Marie Vetsera before killing himself because he could not bear the thought of leaving her, as Franz Josef had ordered? Or, since he was reported to be a free thinker, a liberal, even a revolutionary, was Rudolph's death the result of political or religious intrigue?

No wonder, among royal scandals, the tragedy of Mayerling has been persistent in its appeal. In the realms of ermine tear-jerkers, it is a "woman-I-love" story geared emotionally to "Romeo and Juliet" rather than the international set. At any rate, it can claim sufficient intensity to have ended in the tomb rather than on the Riviera. As a story of star-crossed passion it contains all those elements which cause diplomats to whisper, nursemaids to weep, and dramatists to write.

"Marinka" invites audiences to sit before the fourth telling of the Rudolph-Vetsera story New York has seen in the past eighteen years. Its three predecessors have been varied. One of these was the motion picture, "Mayerling," with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. It was by all odds the most luminous and persuasive of the lot. The two others were plays—Ernst Vajda's "The Crown Prince" in which Mary Ellis and Basil Sidney appeared in 1927, and Maxwell Anderson's "The Masque of Kings" which the Guild staged a decade later. Yet, varied as these three versions were in their merits and motivations, on one point they did agree unanimously, *i.e.*, that Rudolph and Marie Vetsera died in Rudolph's hunting lodge.

"Marinka" takes exception to this. Being a musical romance, it refuses to surrender to history's melancholy. This obstinate cheerfulness, in spite of the pressure of facts, is established in the prologue, and maintained to what might otherwise have been the bitter end.

The son of Rudolph's coachman functions in this case as the narrator. He is supposed to be telling the Crown Prince's story to a group of girls assembled on a June evening at an open-air movie theatre in contemporary Connecticut. The movie "Mayerling" has just been shown. "History tells the story with a tear," says the Coachman's son, "Father told it with a twinkle."

Which version is the more depressing is difficult to determine. But, as goes without saying, this shift of emphasis from the tear to the twinkle is one of the major differences between what happened at Mayerling and what happens at the Winter Garden.

In "Marinka" the lovers do not die. The audience comes nearer to death than they do. The lovers are merely banished. They are banished by a benevolent Franz Josef, after having interrupted a good many indifferent ballets, sung reams of mediocre music, spoken pages of soporific dialogue, and plotted a mild palace revolution with some chorus-boy hussars. This conspiracy is the least of their offenses. What they are banished from is not so much Imperial Austria as it is the book of either "Blossom Time" or "The Student Prince."

The two of them end up as farmers, embracing one another quite lyrically in what looks like a covered wagon headed west. Rudolph has at last shed his uniform. Among other symbols of agrarian happiness, he is wearing a sport shirt open at the neck. Huddled in his arms is Marie Vetsera, known to him and to the chorus throughout the evening as Marinka. She is dressed in a little number which either Millet or Grant Wood could have designed for her.

—*Lucas-Pritchard*

Joan Roberts and Reinhold Schunzel in one of the more serious moments of this musical romance which "refuses to surrender to history's melancholy."

**MARINKA, a musical comedy presented by Jules J. Leventhal and Harry Howard at the Winter Garden. Book and lyrics by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas. Music by Emmerich Kalman. Dances and ballet by Albertina Rasch. Settings by Howard Bay. Costumes by Mary Grant. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Luba Malina, Ethel Levey, Reinhold Schunzel.*

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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling
Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
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AIR COND.
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay
in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 Sh. rp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Have YOU seen them
in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
BIJOU THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'way

Behind them is a backdrop upon which great clouds sweep across vast open fields.

They do not seem to be missing Vienna at all. Or worrying about Austria's and the world's future. They are singing lustily as they sow their oats. Palpably, both of them are in "heaven, number seven" (seventh heaven, in case you are used to hearing it the other way), as one of the evening's lyrics describes happiness. If one believes the coachman's son, Rudolph and his little Marinka are singing somewhere even now; unaged, untouched, and, for my own part, I trust unobserved.

I dwell upon the giddy liberties which "Marinka" takes with history for only one reason. Fact and fiction, make-believe and reality, I know all too well are not the same. I am no stickler for historical details in a play. One of the theatre's most attractive features is that, even when it deals with Senators and Congressmen, these gentlemen do not have to sound the way they do in the *Congressional Record*.

There is dramatic license as surely as there is poetic license. Still, I must confess that, were I to see a play in which the Redcoats crossed the Delaware and surprised George Washington, or in which Abraham Lincoln shot John Wilkes Booth, I would realize that someone was pulling Clio's leg no less than mine, and resent it for her sake if not my own.

What I cannot understand is why the librettists of "Marinka" should have bothered to concern themselves with history at all. Why Austria, when Graustark or Ruritania would have done much better? Why Rudolph, Marie Vetsera, and Mayerling, when any imaginary prince and maiden in any made-up place would have set the authors and the actors free?

Come to think of it, I don't see why they should have bothered at all.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

MICHAEL TODD presents
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ELLIOTT NUGENT · MARTHA SCOTT · VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS · HUGH MARLOWE · VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

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COOL PARAMOUNT TIMES SQUARE

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The Mystical World of James Thurber

THE WHITE DEER. By James Thurber. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 115 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"SHOW me a man who can tell a tale," said Lady Elspeth of Thuringia, "and I will show you a man who has not sense enough to keep his mouth shut." That was a long time ago, when bards twanged lyres and poets went from court to court carrying gossip and news, muttering endlessly, while the people above the salt alternately dozed and cracked pecans with their teeth. Lady Elspeth would like James Thurber, who has been telling tales for twenty years without moving his lips, except for an occasional quiver when the east wind, moving through his moustache, brings a scent of faraway orchards, sun-drenched filling stations, and meadows filled with goldenrod. His latest story is a legend of Lady Elspeth's time, and it is a high pleasure to have it in his superb prose, with his and Don Freeman's illustrations. Mute are all the bards and lyres, and little are they missed.

"The White Deer" is a fairy tale for adults, about a deer who turns into a princess and sends the king's three sons on missions of valor so that one among them, by his success, may be her husband. That is the plot, and it is the oldest in the world, the myth of the fallen soul, sending mind, body, and heart into the earth to win her redemption. What Thurber does with it is his own business, and mighty fine business it is, without any drawbacks which are discernible in a first, second, or third reading.

It is a problem, in fact, to write anything about a Thurber book which does not seem like simpering adulation, something he would loathe as heartily as he loathes the rest of humanity's posturing. The man is a perfectionist, and within the limitations he has set for himself he attains his goal. The common faults of discursiveness, overemphasis, lack of integration, are not his. What he says seems well said, and ends without any dripping of the tap. As with many great humorists, the style is the man, and, as with all great humor, his subject matter is the dilemma of a space-free mind in a space-bound body, an eternal yearning in an environment conditioned by time and monogamy. He is also an example of nature's adaptation of genius to the modern pressure of economics; he is a mystic who makes a career of humor, a projection of contemporary man's spirit scrawling an interlinear comment on the history of the times, for the enjoyment of humanity's immortal soul.

In "The White Deer" the first of all fairy tales is inhabited by typical Thurber characters, people who are as modern as the next breath and as eternal as the wind. There is King Clode, who is fond of good food and drink, hunting, facts, and peace of mind. In his opinion magic is a damned nuisance and a deer which turns into a lovely princess is guilty of poor sportsmanship. Every time it happens he loses venison and has to make a trip to the homeland of the princess, where he has to drink her grateful father's wines and pretend that he enjoys it. "To my taste," he tells his sons, "the wines of the North smack a bit of buckle polish, or lance oil."

His sons are Thag, Gallow, and Jorn, the latter a dreamy, musical sort, who nevertheless can whip hell out of his brothers when it is necessary. The first deer which turned into a princess became their mother, since Clode's deed of valor was accomplished, while those of his two brothers resulted in their death. "The monster I was dispatched to overcome proved to be made of clay and boxwood," said Clode, "so that it was the simplest of tasks to deprive the creature of the enormous diamond clutched between its artificial paws." He was melancholy about it.

When another deer turns into a princess and sends Thag, Gallow, and Jorn off on missions of valor, the tale is well under way, and the rest is for the reader to experience for himself, there being no way to indicate what is ahead for him except to say that he will have an hour or two comparable to those in which he discovered first such books as "Tristram Shandy," "Tom Jones," and that modern English classic, "Decline and Fall." This is Thurber at his best, and that is enough for anyone.

Don Freeman has done some full-page illustrations in color, and they catch the spirit of the story, blending admirably with the smaller sketches by the author, which seem, as always, part of the prose itself. If you miss this book you deserve a good head-cold.

Tongareva

By Simons Roof

BENEATH the stormiest of trees, these palms,
come now midsea to Southern calms
I claim this imaged isle of peace

against the years and worlds of future grief.
I claim the islanders' belief
of endless day for endless life,

of many gods for many things—yet God,
the liferich surf, the lifesweet pod,
hibiscus blossoms glowing in

the western skies. I reaffirm my love
in these, the boy *Hoi-Tai* above
for cocoanuts, old *Tongaroi*

with fishing spear, *Mahalla* with the dance
enflames the village sleep, the glance
of smiles like sun along the street.

I claim simplicity of singing speech,
the fronded hut, the shellwhite beach,
the sundark body's cloth or none.

And when the songs like family fires begin
enkindling dusk, the shadows thin
and dart like parrots up the wind.

I claim what they have never had to claim,
who need from grief such small surcease.
I claim for memory their peace.

The author is a Lt., j. g., in the Naval Reserve, recently in command of a mine-sweeper in the Pacific area.

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The riddle of faith is the riddle of every race and every epoch, and it is the riddle of faith which is the subject of this book.

This book, with eloquence and flavor, traces the world's religions backward like so many rivers flowing from one source. Here we see a ritualistic rodeo take place in 5000 B.C. We learn the meaning of a thousand childhood myths and discover that in matters of faith, all the world is kin.

It is a timely book. As world organization becomes a reality, Americans are trying to understand the principles and prejudices of other peoples and other cultures. There is no other road to world order. In certain ways it can be compared to Bulfinch's AGE OF FABLE, in other ways to Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH, and in yet other ways it should have an appeal for the adult akin to the appeal the ONE GOD had for the young.

THE WISDOM TREE transcends the barriers of language and custom. It is a needed book written for today and many days to come.

The Wisdom Tree

by

EMMA HAWKRIDGE

At all bookstores $3.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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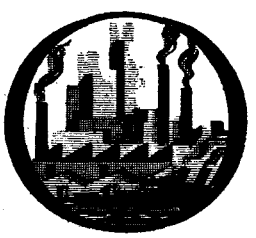
NEW SCRIBNER GENERAL BOOKS

Big Business IN A Democracy

by

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS



This is the story of American "big business" from its beginnings up to the present, with special emphasis on its record of superb achievement in World War II.

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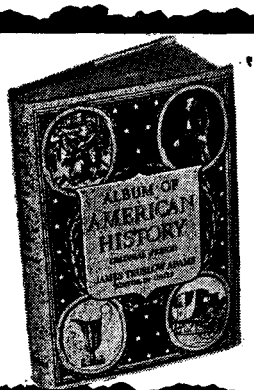

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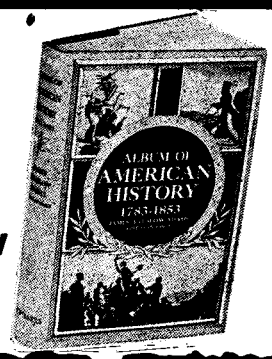

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Strictly Personal

A GAME FOR THE KIDDIES

CONFINED to the house for a few days nursing an attack of poison ivy, I have beguiled the time inventing a game for the kiddies. As a people we dearly love kiddies—our own or anybody's—and it is for them and their kiddies' kiddies that we won the war and cheerfully suffered prodigious hardships at home. There isn't a man among us who isn't more concerned about the kiddies of 2045 than he is about his own generation in 1945, and that, I suppose, is why we are moving to reduce taxes so that, as those faroff kiddies refund the war debt for the next generation to pay, the grand old American tradition of passing the buck will be kept alive.

My little game is of course educational since, next to kiddies, we love education and all of us want to give the children more advantages than we had. It is called "Eyes That See So Much But Not the Sky." Anybody can play it for all that is needed are newspapers and magazines and these we have in profusion because, for the sake of the kiddies, we have made this the world's richest country. Its object is to teach the little ones to be practical; to keep their eyes on the ball. In a state of nature the American is impulsively idealistic—a dangerous trait which may prove his undoing unless it is curbed in the kiddies.

The game is simply a species of montage and is as easy to play as coloring the outlines of zebras in a kiddies' book. All that Junior or Bessie has to do is to take a certain number of clippings, paste them at random in a scrapbook, put them under the pillow, and sleep on them. Osmosis will do the rest. (See Dr. Herbert J. H. Quigley-Smith's "Education by Osmosis.")

The atomic bomb is now much in the prints and, since we are nothing if not intellectually alert, the boys are playing it up for all that it is worth. Here in *The New York Times* is an advertising agency calling the faithful to a holy war from its Chrysler tower minaret:

> SPLITTING THE ATOM COST 2 BILLION DOLLARS!
>
> This enormous expenditure of money . . . finally unlocked some of the mystery of atomic energy. To most of us, it is still a mystery, but we consider the result well worth the cost.

What is the lesson in this for Junior and Bessie? Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war, or, as the agency tells us in muscular English:

> However, splitting the advertising dollar, to yield the desired result . . . is no mystery to us. We've been doing that successfully for our clients *for more than half* a century.

Situated near the University of California where pioneer work in splitting the atom was done by Dr. Lawrence of that institution, and something of a pioneer itself in the intellectual processes of Americans, it follows that the movie industry would have an avid interest in the atomic bomb. This interest is shared by *Life* Magazine, that department store of journalism where under one roof one may shop for almost anything including sex appeal, although its refined editors would no more purvey it as such than the Colony restaurant would dish up pancreatic glands by name instead of calling them sweetbreads on the menu. The movies and *Life,* both passionate unto perfection, collaborate in a photographic article on the atomic bomb in its mammary and leggy aspects, the frontispiece being thus entitled: SPRAWLED GRACEFULLY ON THE CURVING EDGE OF A SWIMMING POOL, STARLET LINDA CHRISTIANS, HOLLYWOOD'S ANATOMIC BOMB, SOAKS UP SOLAR ENERGY.

Junior's interest having been thus subtly aroused by photograph and caption, he is irresistibly drawn to the more substantial mental fare offered in the accompanying text:

Almost before the ink was dry on headlines announcing the crash of the first atomic bomb, Hollywood had turned the event to good publicity. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio Miss Linda Christians, a hitherto obscure starlet, was solemnly proclaimed the Anatomic Bomb.

The starlet is quite a girl; something to hitch your tractor to:

> Half-Mexican, half-Dutch, Linda was born in Tampico, Mexico, thinks it was twenty-two years ago. Her real name is Blanca Rose Welter. Her father . . . traveled widely, taking his family with him. They were in Palestine in 1941 during a bomb scare. Linda was evacuated to Mexico with a bad case of malaria, recovered, went to Hollywood to join her brother, got a job modeling hats, was seen and signed by M-G-M. So far she has been seen in no pictures, the publicity role of the Anatomic Bomb being her first assignment. With her long residence in Holland, Italy, France and Switzerland, Linda thinks Hollywood is wonderful.

What a lesson in spunk this teaches the kiddies. Namely, that if a girl contracts malaria in Palestine as the result of a bomb scare, recovers from it in Mexico, and goes to Hollywood where she models hats, having the prevision to do this just when Hiroshima collapses in ruins, a movie scout will see her and gave her a publicity assignment as the Anatomic Bomb. But since it is well, in the manner of the Pilgrim Fathers, to teach the kiddies humility seeing that All, all is vanity, the lesson is here implicit. For hereafter little Linda will have nothing to live for except a hut at Palm Springs, a shack in Beverly Hills, an apartment on Park Avenue, a closet only half full of Russian sables, and a bushel of diamonds, some of them specked by a few flaws.

There are two illuminating items from Germany, a country which many of us, now that all is forgiven, may

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pleasantly remember as a late enemy of ours. These items, starry in themselves, give off a starrier light when read in conjunction. The first is from the *Associated Press:*

> FRAULEINS ONE BIG HEADACHE. AMERICAN OFFICERS AND GIS SEEK TO WED GERMAN GIRLS, BUT HEADQUARTERS SAYS NO—CHAPLAIN OPPOSES SHOTGUN MARRIAGES.

Major G. B. Woods, an Episcopalian chaplain, says:

> We are strictly against "shotgun marriages" and will protect any soldier from being forced into a union like that. But for the couples that are convinced of their love, the army must eventually face up to the issue.

Thus the kiddies see that our paternal Army does for the soldier what heaven does for the working girl. It is also clear that some of our best institutions are not for export to the late enemy for while the shotgun marriage is time-hallowed among us, as in the arcadian state of West Virginia where, by a Daphnis and Chloe touch, Pa's shotgun is lacquered white to match Sis's dress when she and Cal stand before the Justice of the Peace, it is too good for the Germans. But there are other difficulties torturing the army of occupation in Germany. These are stated by a Catholic chaplain:

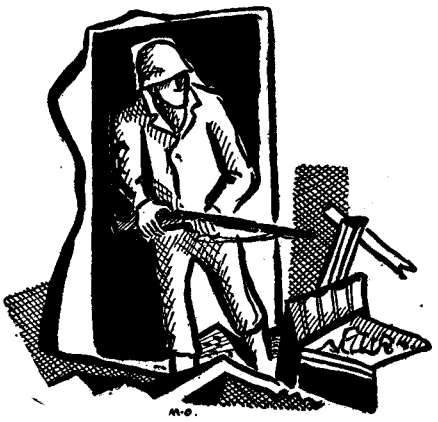
> "If a marriage between an American boy and a German girl represents true love, then it is a natural law." But he said he was concerned over the loose statements of some married soldiers that they would like to divorce their American wives to remarry in Germany.

Our kiddies (and the Army) cannot begin to learn too young of the pitfalls of love since Dorothy Dix cannot live forever, and where there are no teachers the people perish. Here the little ones can sharpen their adolescent minds on the dialects of amour as Colonels weigh love that is merely a conviction, and Generals ponder the nature of "true love," while the rest of us, romantics all and suspiring with sentiment, look on with approval leaving to the unromantic Germans such drab tasks as rebuilding Germany. Fortunately for us we are emotionally complex and intellectually simple while the Germans, poor things, are emotionally simple and intellectually complex.

The second item—less interesting but illuminating perhaps in a pale way—is from *The New York Times:* ARMY FAILS TO CONVINCE TROOPS OF NEED FOR OCCUPYING GERMANY. SURVEY SHOWS LACK OF COORDINATED EFFORT TO EDUCATE MEN, WHO ASSERT "WE WANNA GO HOME"—MORALE AT VANISHING POINT.

The Times, understanding that this inconsequential item is not likely to interest many people at a time when ration points are going down and the stock market is going up, but determined nonetheless to present all the news for the sake of the record, quite wisely put it on page eight. Its reporter, Gladwin Hill, writes from Germany:

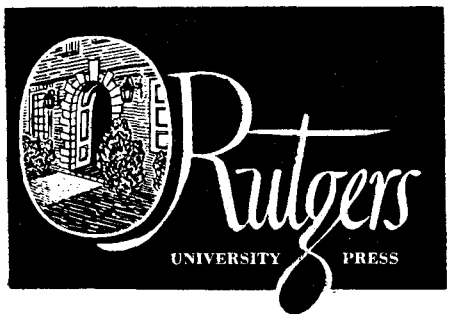
> With all the Army's extensive machinery for elucidation, this correspondent has not found a soldier who could recall having received any elucidation, stimulation, or encouragement about his present chores. Confidential Army investigations . . . have disclosed in some groups an appalling lack of comprehension of some of the elementary facts about the Germans.
>
> . . . Observers feel that this deficiency is as likely to undermine the American occupation effort as any of the difficulties that may arise in the four-power management. They feel that the maintenance of police power in Germany for a number of years is essential to rehabilitating



and neutralizing it, and that if the soldiers assigned to the occupation have nothing more than "I wanna go home" outlook, this is likely to be the keynote for opinion at home and to result in the same kind of futile occupation that followed the First World War.

The soldiers who want to come home, their families who want them to come back, and the country which does not want anybody else to take their place, are right. You certainly cannot draft teen-agers for an army of occupation. They've got to go to State Normal. Those from twenty-five to thirty are just starting out in life. Those from thirty upward have already started. We have not only won the war but our inventine genius makes it unnecessary ever to send the boys away from home again. General Arnold tells us that "the time is coming when we won't have any men in a bomber. It will be guided from a distant base until it 'homes' on its target." This plane, carrying atomic bombs, "can reach any part of the world from any part of the world. It is ideally suited to sudden unannounced attacks in which a country's major cities might be destroyed overnight by an ostensibly friendly power."

If, then, in the *next* war nobody will have to leave home, our men might as well come home now. Why make them live among foreigners try-



Publishers are human too

IT IS generally believed that publishers live for two things — sales figures (to bloat their swollen profits) and reviews (to further enlarge their egos, and to be used as a sop to the authors they enslave).

Now, no author will believe it, but publishers have some of the same traits as people. Publishers are even, at times, sentimental about their books.

For example, we recently published a book called THE IVY YEARS, a story of undergraduate life, written from the "worm's eye view" of the undergraduate as the author himself remembers it. The sales department seems well satisfied, and we confidently expect this book to keep on selling for years, for its story of a young man's growth in heart as well as in mind will be timely and true to life for as long as there are young men in our colleges. So much, then, for our bank account.

The critics were delighted with THE IVY YEARS. They called it "the best public relations job to date for American college life", a "living, intimate story" that "revives for graduates young and not so young that ageless experience of college", and agreed with us that although the scene happened to be Rutgers it might be "any American campus". That took care of everyone's ego.

But what means more to us, as publishers, than either the sales we are making or the equally welcome praise of the critics is a letter just received from a young man of no literary authority whatsoever He probably received his copy of THE IVY YEARS as a gift, so we can't even say he bought it. His letter, datelined *Okinawa,* reads as follows:

"I want you to know that I shall always keep THE IVY YEARS *close by, for in it I have found what I have been looking for—the will and determination to return to college to finish what I had started three years ago. Often, during my excursions overseas, I had been about ready to forget about any return to college for it all seemed so far away and vague. Your book has brought the fact home hard that I can and will resume my studies and go on to receive my diploma."*

If only for that one letter—and even if that were the only copy sold—THE IVY YEARS has proved its right to be written and published. It has moved one man to do a good thing. That is what a book is for.

THE IVY YEARS *by Earl Schenck Miers*
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ing to understand their complex temperaments? This home-loving country, both by its inventine genius and its political policy, is doing all it can to assure a home-fought war where the kiddies and Mom and Pop may perish right there in the old vine-covered cottage, or—since freeborn Americans will always have a choice—at the movies. As a people we are second to none in making the complex simple—look at our wonderful pictographs and picture magazines so that you don't have to read a word to get the point—and consequently we are living up to our heritage in not bothering ourselves about the minds of foreigners.

Yet if there are parents interested in teaching their kiddies to play this game of mine—half whimsical and half factual to prevent straining their minds—I suggest that they write the following words in the kiddies' game book. They are words spoken by Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons, and although he was merely a philosopher and an English statesman, we ought not be above learning from anybody. His words, moreover, seem to have a certain pertinence today even though the atomic bomb had not been invented when he spoke:

> We survey the past, and see its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of empty aspirations. We sound the future and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed when compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which for a moment has disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in an obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is be better or worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion and suffering of man had striven through countless generation to effect. . . .

Tell this to the kiddies but let your telling end on a happier note as befits a people who have often fought and never lost. Tell them that even should this come to pass we shall still be triumphant. Tell them that from the empty spaces of the earth which man now has the power to create, not as nature might in millennia, but in minutes, there will go circling forever amid the suns and moons and stars that are islands in the infinite seas of space, a whimpering cry conserved for all time through the immutable law of the conservation of matter: "I wanna go home."

DAVID L. COHN.

The Components of Power

THE BALANCE OF TOMORROW. By Robert Strausz-Hupé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 302 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MURRAY HARRIS

THIS is the best attempt I have yet seen to calculate power on the adding machine and to forecast history by mathematical computation. In his statistical analysis of the components of power, Mr. Strausz-Hupé puts heavy industry at the top of the list. The major units will be concentrated for many years to come in America, Russia, and Western Europe, but he foresees that the consequences of industrialization in the Far East will be cataclysmic, reminding us that the technical help given to Japan acted as a boomerang.

Manpower is evidently desirable *per se,* but the author does not lay enough stress on the inequalities of skills and aptitudes among peoples, and has nothing to say about the effect of climate. Asiatics are expanding at an alarming rate; Europe is contracting and the U.S.A. is stationary. Unrestricted immigration might solve the problem of depopulation for the Western democracies, but would have an adverse effect on ethnic identity and culture (*pace* Senator Bilbo and the sponsors of the Immigration Act of 1924). The man-power balance and all other power balances are moving inexorably against Germany, for the author takes it for granted that the Ruhr will be internationalized, thus depriving Germany of 250 out of her 300 major coal mines. This will certainly settle the German problem, but the dissolution of the Reich's industrial empire will create an economic void in Europe.

—*William B. Feakins, Inc.*

Robert Strausz-Hupé "is bemused by the mere volume of German outpourings on . . . geopolitics."

Advocates of free enterprise will gladly endorse the author's thesis that technological progress is a function of a free economy. Better still, he proves it by a wealth of example. This in itself should suffice to keep America in the lead. He ridicules the fashion to ascribe the Russian victory to the excellence of Soviet institutions, pointing out that a graph of Russia's industrial development since the beginning of the century would show more progress in the first seventeen years under the Czarist régime than in the subsequent period under the Soviet.

Sweetness and light have no place in Mr. Strausz-Hupé's world of fact and figure. His hard-headed realism makes pleasant reading indeed for this reviewer, who shares his opinions; but many will find much to cavil at. He proves that the international balance of power is changing before our eyes, and that the shift will grow more marked at the end of the next critical quarter of a century, that is, by 1970. So we have not much time. He accepts the possibility of another war and argues that to weaken the strategic hold of Western Europe on its empires in Africa and Asia is to breach the outer walls of the American fortress. Of the British Empire he says our task is to improve our defenses and not to dissolve the only working model of international organization.

He departs only once from this disciplined realism into flights of fancy, in endorsing Smuts's proposal of common citizenship or some more practical alignment (Zollverein perhaps?) for Western Europe, which would enable it to compete with Russia and America on equal terms. I see no signs that the ardent nationalisms of Europe are becoming any more accommodating.

The author shares Stalin's expressed opinion that the international security organization is specifically designed to prevent a new aggression by Germany and Japan; and he leaves us wondering what happens, when the Big Four or Five fall out among themselves. This is clearly the purport of this book—to warn us against the power mass evolving in Russia and the more distant evolution of power in the Far East. To back his arguments, he should have given us more historical proofs of the patent fact that power is never static; it is always dynamic and has all the attributes of steam.

The dissection of the world's resources, particularly as they apply to power, and an admirable précis of the place of oil in world strategy, makes reassuring reading. The Anglo-Saxon

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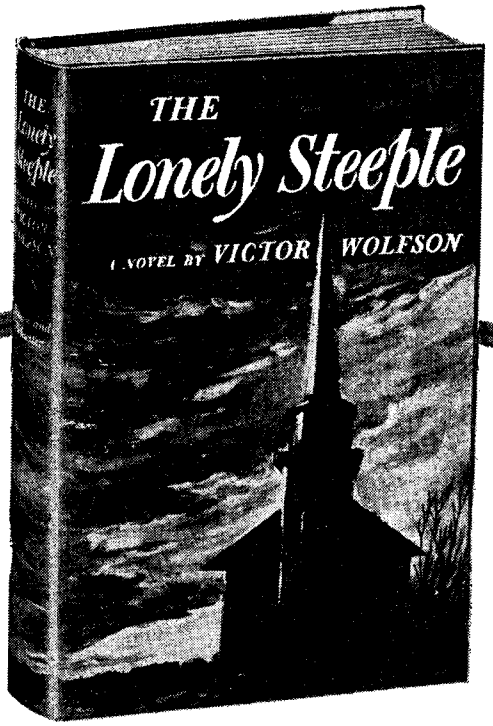

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"The awful detachment and lucidity of this story confer upon it a most singular horror. The effect is that of an exquisitely worked piece of embroidery in which the subject, instead of being the customary formal nosegay, is a sanguinary scene of crime."

—N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

"For stark terror built upon evil design you will have to go all the way back to Edgar Allan Poe to find its equal."

—Cleveland Press

"There is power in it—even a kind of magnificence."

—Chicago Tribune

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powers hold all the trumps and limitless resources at every focal point of the globe. But drawing our conclusions from the author's well-documented arguments and his rigid statistics of power potentials, it is most evident that the world, in becoming smaller, has become more dangerous for Americans. The United States has a good start but can never let its guard down.

I am afraid the author is bemused by the mere volume of German outpourings on the subject of geopolitics. So he fails to give credit where credit is due; power political realism was *not* first stated in scientific language by German geopoliticians; all they succeeded in doing was to build a mountain of distorted and dishonest verbiage on to the basic facts, so beautifully and simply stated by Mackinder. The author should curb a slight tendency in the same direction in his style, though his facts and his deductions are invariably honest and correct. Perhaps he finds the use of scientific language comes easier to him than common or garden English. We ourselves profited greatly from reading this book and enjoyed every word of it, as everything that comes from Strausz-Hupé's pen. But to insure a wider audience for his most important message, he should have come down from his professorial pedestal to the average reader's level. All the same, I hope sincerely his book will go the rounds in Washington.

Colonel Blackford and Jeb Stuart

WAR YEARS WITH JEB STUART. By Lieut. Colonel W. W. Blackford, C.S.A. Introduction by Douglas S. Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. *xiii,* 322 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by

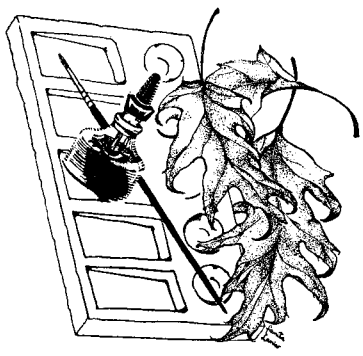
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

ENGELS once wrote that the "American Civil War was a drama without parallel in the annals of military history." Surely this opinion will be shared by the readers of these remarkable memoirs written at an indeterminate time after the war, but never published until now. In all the vast literature of the Civil War, Colonel Blackford's story of his service under Jeb Stuart has few peers for dramatic interest. Nevertheless, Colonel Blackford's drama is preëminently authentic. He tells what he saw in a concrete and vivid style with sincerity and honesty. History gave him his plot and characters. He uses them with skill and with a keen sense of conflict and complication. There is catastrophe and comic relief. There is even the *Miles Gloriosus* in the person of General Pope. He was the blundering Northern leader who flamboyantly issued orders from "Headquarters in the Saddle."

Colonel Blackford was thirty years old at the outbreak of the Civil War. He enlisted in the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry commanded by Jeb Stuart, who was a year younger. Blackford was an engineer by profession and had no previous military experience, but he was a born soldier and quickly learned the fundamental rules of his new profession. He became the engineer officer on Jeb Stuart's staff and later his adjutant. He was always in the front line, as his duty "on approach of battle, was to reconnoitre the positions of the enemy and ascertain and report his movements."

In consequence, the descriptions of the major engagements of the Civil War in the East are amazingly realistic in the words of this eye witness. Blackford was always particularly busy before the battles started. Subsequently, when the infantry and artillery were fighting it out, his opportunities to see what was going on were unusual and he used them to the best advantage.

It is quite impossible to be too enthusiastic about these reminiscences. They deserve the encomiums and superlatives that are sometimes extravagantly wasted on less meritorious books. Colonel Blackford's memoirs can be said with perfect truth to be exciting, thrilling, fascinating, and unforgettable. On the Bull Run battlefield, I read his descriptions of episodes in the battles there. Never before had these incidents seemed so alive. From Sudley Springs there still runs the sunken road where Blackford and his men made their first cavalry charge on an unlucky New York Zouave regiment, resplendent in their gaudy, red uniforms, marching down that road to their baptism of fire. At Bristoe station you can take your place beside Jeb Stuart and Stonewall Jackson, watch with them as Blackford climbs up the railroad embankment to see that a switch is



opened. You can feel their excitement as the trains from Pope's army run off the tracks to pile up higher than the embankment, and cause catastrophe to the Federal line of communications.

Colonel Blackford is not squeamish about war. He recalls in his enthusiastic account of life in the cavalry of those days General Lee's comment at the battle of Fredericksburg: "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it." The character of the war changed, however, for the Civil War was a revolutionary war in military history. It marked the beginning of the end of the picturesque type of cavalry operations that Colonel Blackford describes so well. It marked the beginning of the temporary superiority of the defensive. It was the first war of heavy troop movements by railroad, and of the introduction of rifled weapons. It was the first example of trench warfare. And, curiously enough, the revolution is personified in Blackford's military career. Before the end of the war the fluidity of warfare made it necessary to transfer him to an Engineer regiment. There he finished his soldiering, engaged "in a mode of warfare strangely differing from the dashing cavalry service on the outposts." It was the warfare of years to come, if he had only known it. And here again Colonel Blackford shows superior qualities in telling his story.

How can this book be evaluated as a source of Civil War history? The character and personality of the author and his intellectual integrity give us every reason for confidence. Colonel Blackford has certain prejudices, particularly against officers of the regular Army and against the political leaders of the Confederacy. He has certain deep admirations amounting to hero worship for his commanding officer, Jeb Stuart, and for General Lee. Longstreet he considered a "man of limited capacity who acquired reputation for wisdom by never saying anything." Therefore, some of Blackford's judgments and interpretations must be weighed judiciously. On the other hand, he himself shows no signs of vanity and the straightforward style is convincing evidence of the honesty and objectivity of his reporting.

Moreover, his autobiography has literary distinction, and as a human document it is notable for its accounts of men under stress, in victory and defeat. The reminiscences reach us with an illuminating introduction by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, our most distinguished authority on the War Between the States.

No higher praise can be given to Colonel Blackford's work than to acknowledge its right to a place beside Dr. Freeman's writings on the war.

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Adolfo Costa du Rels,

Bolivian novelist, is one of the most distinguished South American authors. Many of his novels, stories, and plays have been published in France, where he has been awarded the Prix Femina and the Prix de l'Académie Française.

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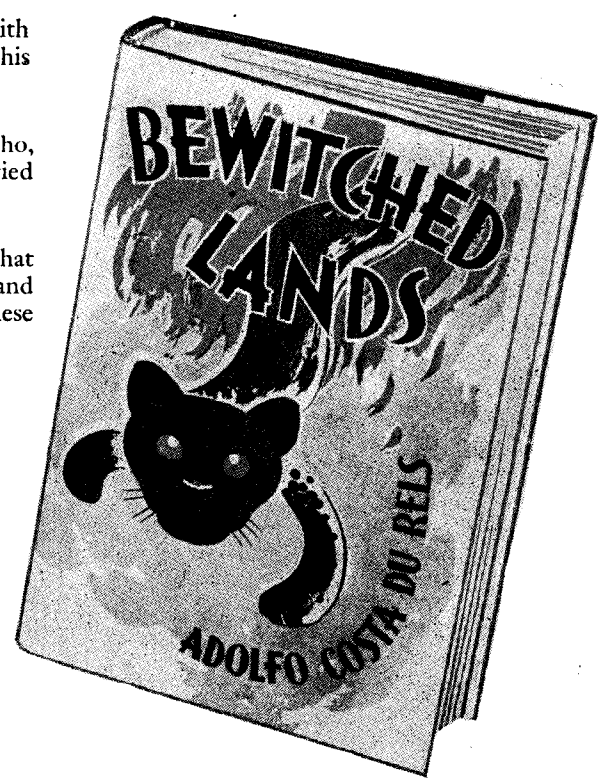
DONA MARIA, his young and beautiful step-mother who, living in enforced and miserable seclusion, "carried the tropics with her in her eyes," and

TREWEEK, an oil prospector, who sets off the situation that almost destroys the family and the hacienda and brings a new alignment of relations among these people.



Translated by Stuart Edgar Grummon

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Some Things Adults Ought to Know

PRIMER FOR WHITE FOLKS. Edited by Bucklin Moon. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 491 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THE poet Robinson once wrote: "The world is not a prison house, but rather a spiritual kindergarten where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell GOD with the wrong blocks." In America, we have been trying to spell Freedom—and the blocks we have used have made a queer contradictory jumble. For over eighty years of our national life, we kept putting the block Slavery next to the block Equality; and when the two wouldn't fit together—equality having something to do with all men being born free—we stuck in another block between them: Black-Man-Less-Than-Man.

That ought to have held them steady. The land of the brave could in all sincerity be the land of the free if black folk could be thought of as not human at all but merely subhuman beasts of burden.

But history, as we remember, knocked the whole wobbly contraption of contradictions to the ground; and we had to start building again.

And again we are at it. Equality stands there foursquare and beautiful; but near it now stands the wobbly block Jim Crow. And once more, to hold them steady, bewildered adults try to stick in a compensating block: Negro Inferiority.

When will we learn to spell Freedom as it should be spelled: without equivocation—meaning what it says, and saying what it means; a word of glory; a symbol to make us proud.

"Primer for White Folks" is a book to teach us how to spell. White folks who think they already know how will not like this book; probably will not deign to read it, since it will seem to question their social and political literacy. But white folk who feel the anguish of bewilderment; who know, like Socrates, that they do not know, and that there are things that now they must know; white folk who want to do a better job of building Freedom into a structure that will stand, will want this book as a first aid to new learning.

For it is now a matter of new learning—for all of us. New history has to be written, and read. We were all of us brought up on history that left most of the important, deeply human things unsaid. We have now to start reading the kind of history that honestly and understandingly includes in its recital men, women, and children.

"Primer for White Folks" contains that kind of new history. To read Muriel Rukeyser's "The Amisted Mutiny" is to see America with fresh and startled eyes. It is to learn more than what happened to a few mutinous Negroes on a slaver back in 1839. It is to see American politicians, lawyers, business men, townsmen, and farmers—the citizens of the new democracy—in all the cross currents of their venality, shortsightedness, cruelty, as well as sympathy and courageous sense of justice. Again, to read Henrietta Buckmaster's account of the Underground Railroad is to be made aware of a kind of bravery—equally among whites and blacks—that our school histories have passed over with a few unrevealing words.

We need to know, as the Writers' Project of Virginia tells it, the story of the pathetic revolts of black people driven to futile desperation. We also need to know, as Carey McWilliams recounts it, the record of our weak-kneed appeasement of the South and of our ugly betrayal of the Negro in the years following the Civil War. Finally, we insulated and all too-ignorant North Americans need to know the Africa whence came our profits and our shame. No history book ever drew for us—as W. E. B. DuBois here draws it—the picture of human beings, in that land we learned to call "Darkest Africa," shaping their collective lives in ways that had about as much beauty and dignity and common sense in them, as well as ignorance and superstition and brutality, as one finds among the rest of the human race.

Again, new fiction has to be written, and read. Fiction is a way of making individuals come alive in the fulness and vividness of their personal selves. Fiction has, on the whole, done badly by the Negro. It has portrayed him as either a savage or a carefree, half-moronic child. Where it has sought to defend him, it has put off the weightier matter of trying to understand him.

"Primer for White Folks" presents a kind of fiction about Negroes and whites that has never before been written, but that promises to come increasingly from the pens of writers who have become sensitive to the major tragedy of the two races. This, in fact, is one great hope that the book reveals: our writers—nineteen of them are here represented—are beginning to write fiction with a poignancy of understanding and a skill of portrayal that must eventually crack the hard crust of white ignorance and complacency. Nor are these stories mere moralistic tracts dressed up as fiction. They are fictional art in the highest sense of the word: stories that stand in their own right as stories, but that tell tales the human race now needs to know.

New history . . . new fiction . . . and finally, new prophecy. Here, in this book, the American of a new mentality is heard speaking. The old slogans of liberty and equality are given new pertinence and drive in the context of a problem that may not much longer be left unsolved. The voices that speak in Part Three of this book —"Today and Tomorrow"—are not voices of appeasement but of challenge. It is significant, and wholly right, that Wendell Willkie should lead off with a call to the American people to undo the injustice they have done. "The deep patience of the Negro people is nearing its end," he dares to tell us. This is the document that killed him in his own party. It is one that will make him live in a chastened and revitalized democracy.

New prophecy means a summing up of human values. This, too, is the great hope this book reveals. The best minds among us are getting a new slant on the things that come first. In words that are both lucid and compelling, they chart our new road to Freedom.

There is one amazing document in this volume for whose inclusion I am most grateful to Mr. Moon. It is a letter to the editor of *The London Times* written by the actress, Fanny Kemble. She wrote it in answer to an article the *Times* had published in which the writer had dealt witheringly with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and its author, Harriet Beecher Stowe. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is now old stuff to most of us; but what Fanny Kemble has to say about the pompous ignorance of this writer will be refreshingly new to those who read it. Fanny Kemble was married to a Southerner, lived in the South, and knew her South. What she has to say about its barbarous culture will come as a surprise to those who have been brought up on pretty fictional pictures of Southern plantations and Southern gentry.

"Primer for White Folks" is in a true sense a primer. It tells the primary things that we bewildered infants need to know.

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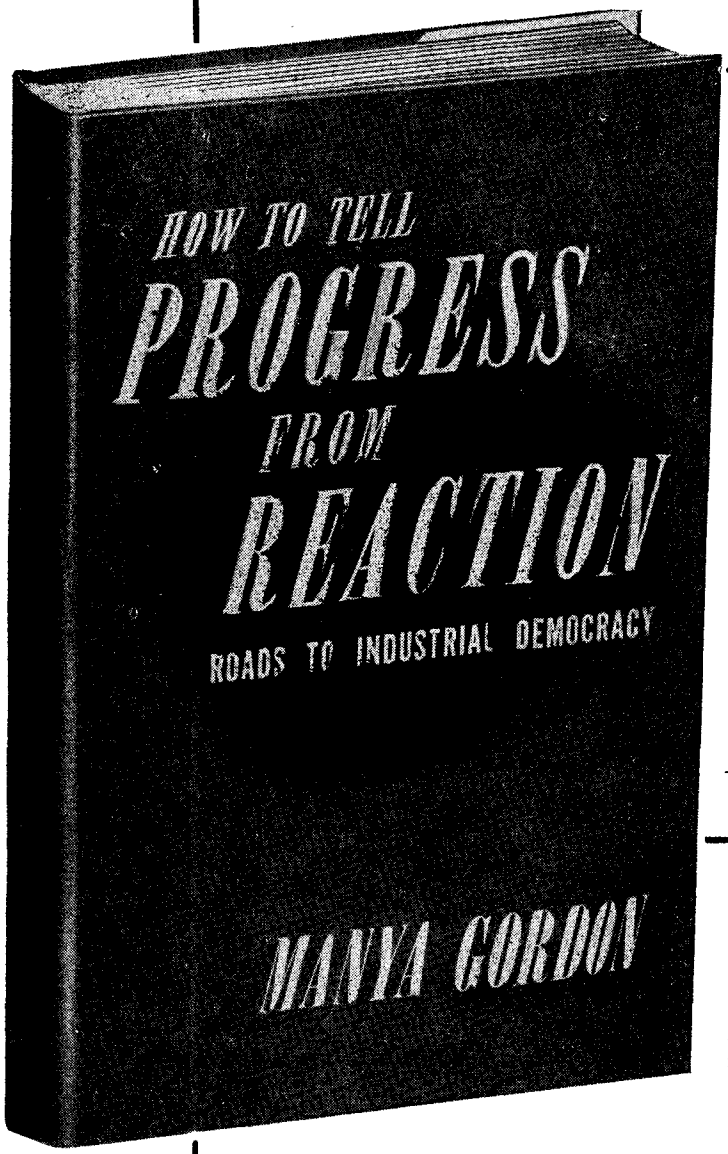
Even men of good will can be color-blind.



Having your heart in the right place doesn't mean that you have perfect vision. Specifically, it doesn't mean that you can, at a glance, identify correctly the various shades of political coloration . . . that you can instantly tell black from white, or, even more important, red from black and red from white.

Today, we face the colossal task of establishing true democratic government in countries where it has been stamped out or never allowed to take root. What roads shall be laid down to reach that shining goal? What roads already in use lead in that direction? Before our passionate wish for a happy ending sends us bag and baggage down the wrong turning, let us examine the highway signs with considerable care.

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THEODORA DuBOIS' newest thriller has Jeffrey and Anne McNeill sailing around New England in their trim little sloop, and you won't be astonished to hear that they anchor close to murder. After all, the title—DEATH SAILS IN A HIGH WIND leads you to expect the wild waves will yield something more grisly than salt. The astonishment enters, however, when you see the slick way the McNeills use their nautical knowledge to find the yawl that shielded the murderer who drowned the girl reporter. (Though, considering the author's past successes, especially The Wild Duck Murders, you know *Mrs. DuBois* is a perfectionist when it comes to background material.) Her sleuthing couple, the McNeills, are those nice people who combine a taste for gentle living with a taste for investigating violent deaths.

FAR AWAY from the briny blue, both geographically and atmospherically, is *Van Siller's* SOMBER MEMORY, with the western dude ranch setting he knows so well. When *Van Siller* creates a mood you might as well not struggle (remember Under a Cloud?) and the brooding quality of his latest mystery will weave a pleasantly horrible spell around you. A Naval doctor who couldn't remember anything . . . an irritating, attractive girl who remembered too much . . . and a line from *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* furnish clues to a killer whose motives were poetic, though his methods were not.

IF YOU HEAR an indignant "Tchk, tchk" whispered while you're laughing at THE OWL IN THE CELLAR it's just the Morticians' Association registering disapproval at the way the corpses are treated in *Margaret Scherf's* first Crime Club mystery. In a setting described as a "kind of perfumed Tobacco Road" bodies are conveyed to Murphy's cellar in wheelbarrows . . . wrapped tenderly in pink satin quilts . . . and occasionally deposited on the steps of already chilly banks. The wacky dialogue is just right for as batty a bunch of characters as ever mixed mirth with mayhem.

The Case for Military Training

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING. By Col. Edward A. Fitzpatrick. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 374 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE divining-rod men down in Washington are fairly unanimous in the opinion that a bill for universal military training will not pass. We won the war, so what the hell more do you want? Besides, universal training would interfere with the normal lives of a large number of people, probably cause the rearrangement if not the disruption of the college business, increase taxes; and in any case while we have the atomic bomb there is no chance of anyone making war on us. Much better wait till the whole problem can be studied out in an atmosphere of cool debate.

Well, we know those arguments. As Colonel Fitzpatrick points out, they are the same in nature, if not in detail, as those advanced at the end of the last war when the Navy and our industrial potential occupied the place of the atomic bomb in the line-up, and after the Civil War, when we were too big and distant for anyone to attack us. It does not seem to occur to the proponents of sweet reasonableness that there is a counter-argument in a million casualties or that our invasion of the Continent with all that flowed therefrom was held up from 1942 to 1944 by the lack of trained troops. Unfortunately Colonel Fitzpatrick does not seem to realize either that Americans detest war to the extent of even refusing to think about it until it is forced upon their attention.

This lends an air of other-worldly idealism to a discussion in which many of the heaviest guns are leveled at the type of unreal thinking which makes some college presidents insist that the provision of defense forces is in some way incompatible with efforts to keep the peace through better international agreements. Within its own frame of reference the book is one of the clearest and best reasoned approaches to the problem yet to appear, requiring only the single assumption that we are not yet living in a sugar-coated world where means of defense are unnecessary. Colonel Fitzpatrick carefully keeps before his eyes the fact that defense is the only basis on which any system of conscription can be justified and throws out as absurd those statements of collateral benefits which have been allowed to becloud the discussion—with one single exception. Since an illiterate soldier is a useless soldier the Army necessarily must operate as an educational institution in this one field. The Colonel is not in favor of a system amounting to glorified CCC camps which was President Roosevelt's first trial balloon on conscription.

Neither is he in favor of a training system administered by the military services except as to the technical details of the training. Giving the whole thing to the Army would lead to an unpleasant degree of Federal centralization and overthrow the militia-National Guard system embodied in the Constitution, in handling which our people already have a good deal of valuable experience. He thinks that one year of training would be enough; he believes that access to West Point and Annapolis should be restricted to those who have completed that year; but he does insist that any system of military training must be universal or we will have produced only another variation on that old American method of building our defenses while the fighting is going on that has cost us so much blood and treasure in the past.

Up to now we have been lucky (he indicates) in that distance and the Navy have kept the fighting on foreign soil, but V-1, 2, 3, 4 and the other V's have abolished distance. Next time we are likely to have to do the fighting at home and it is going to be embarrassing if we have to train troops at the same time. But to describe such a book in terms of argument would be a misstatement; it is concerned with stating the outlines on which a specific program of universal military training could be fitted into the fabric of American life and what the cost of effecting such an adjustment would be. Too bad it cannot be made required reading for Congressmen and educators.

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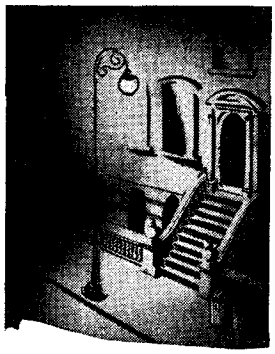

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Writers and "Social Attack"

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED PHILISTINES. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN "A Note on Literary Criticism" nine years ago Mr. Farrell attempted to bring the problems of a novelist and the convictions of a Marxist into a meaningful adjustment. "The League of Frightened Philistines" is an extension of that discussion, in several directions. In these collected papers this discussion takes three principal forms: estimates of recent and current literary figures, comments on literature and ideology, and notes on the short story and motion picture.

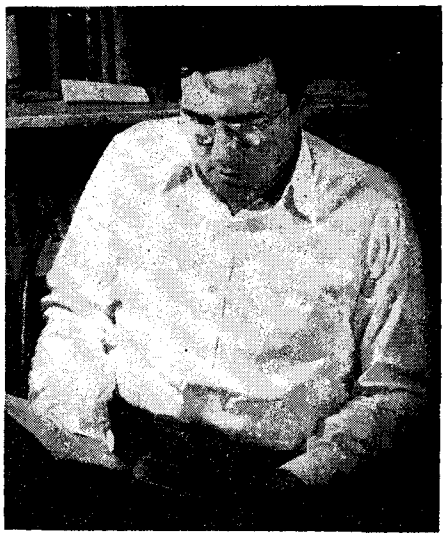
When he was one of the group of writers "under thirty" Mr. Farrell stated that for him literature must represent a "social attack." Since then he has carried on the attack with enormous vigor and important success, and he has never changed his objective. He still believes that serious literature is "one of the most powerful means ever contrived by the human spirit for examining life." All writers would of course agree with that, since there is nothing else for a writer to examine. But to Mr. Farrell life means something more sociological than it means to some of the writers he disparages, and it is the examination of the social system that he regards as "the basic justification of literature in any period." This, he says, is the answer that the artist can confidently hurl back at all Philistines who fear to permit the examination of life.

The Philistines are for Mr. Farrell, as they were for Matthew Arnold, the spokesmen for middle-class smugness, prejudice, and conservatism. He finds them guilty for substituting a will to believe for the basis of belief. He charges them, in the persons of Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Archibald MacLeish, and Mortimer Adler, with sentimentality, obscurantism, and religious or theological authoritarianism. He says that their effort is to make literature conform to an "official faith" of American capitalistic democracy.

These are short papers, and some of them could be even shorter without a loss of meaning, but Mr. Farrell is addressing himself to some big, abstract,and not very rewarding questions: What is the role of consciousness in society? What is the function of literature in society? What is the influence of society upon literature? He has his answers ready; in fact he had answers ready before the questions were formed. In some of these papers the answers seem to have dictated the questions, not the questions the answers. His answers come from a basis of Marxian socialism, and whoever would answer otherwise is a frightened Philistine. There is more heat than light in these sections of the book.

The essays on individual writers are brief, pointed, and often illuminating. On Joyce, Hemingway, and Mark Twain (he comments on the naturalistic elements in Mark Twain) he has little new to say. But there is a fresh and acute analysis of the "pathos of emptiness" in the people of Ring Lardner's stories, and there are penetrating comments on Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and Chekov.

The frightened Philistines are already on Mr. Farrell's side in his condemnation of the commercialism of the machine-made short story, and in his scorn for Hollywood's wedding of materialism and adolescent romance. But what he has to say about Hollywood is a valuable reminder of the power of motion pictures to bring about coöperation and communication, a power which is eclipsed by Hollywood's obsession with the idea that unless the film provides entertainment, it cannot successfully convey information or conviction.



James T. Farrell believes "examination of the social system 'the basic justification of literature in any period'."

Many readers will find "How Studs Lonigan Was Written" the most memorable essay in the collection. It is a report of the writer's problems, his solitude, his lifelong struggle to be sure of what he has to say and to say it surely. Altogether this book states clearly and bluntly the position of America's leading naturalistic writer in the 1940's. But, as often happens, the theory has less power than its practice. It would be a loss to trade a single chapter of "Studs Lonigan" or "Danny O'Neill" for these essays.

Through the Eyes of Little Men

HE BRINGS GREAT NEWS. By Clemence Dane. New York: Random House. 1945. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE shadow of great events is upon Miss Dane's little novel, which is in effect a tender and bright-spirited romance about a pair of star-crossed lovers. These are Lieutenant John Lapenotiere and Mary Ann Graves, who have been parted by some circumstances and reunited by others, in the year 1805. But the circumstances! On the 21st of October, Nelson and his fleet destroyed Napoleon's invasion threat to England, at Trafalgar. Twenty of Napoleon's ships had been taken, and Nelson himself lay dead aboard the *Victory.* In those days of neither wires nor wireless the news had to be sent by courier, and it was Lapenotiere who was chosen to carry the dispatches to England. His dash for the Admiralty, leaving behind him the twin echoes of joy and grief as he spreads the twin news—Napoleon is defeated, Nelson is dead—makes a spirited piece of narrative writing. For it is blended with suspense and romance. There is a rival messenger pacing him, and the one to reach the Admiralty first is to be well rewarded. And there is the extravagant arm of coincidence that crosses the paths of Lapenotiere and his Mary Ann; their joyful reunion is one of the small human notes that Miss Dane strikes, against the heavier clash of Continental politics.

There are others of these, for Miss Dane evidently conceives of the historical novel in terms of individual humanity. She views it from below, through the eyes of little men looking upward and outward, at the newly invented balloon, at the theater and stage-coach and wayfaring-inn of the day, at the victorious fleet and the grim Admiralty building. The phrasing, the angles of thinking, of 1805 are here to give authentic music to the scene and all of this very lightly, with the ease of romance, untroubled by the posturings of historic figures. Miss Dane's book may not reach the audience commanded by some of the recent mammoth historical novels, but it sheds more light and more charm per page.

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Story of An English Childhood

THE WEST WINDOW. By L. P. Hartley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 217 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

MR. HARTLEY'S exquisitely written story of English childhood is rather like the little world seen through the peep-hole of one of those wonderful Victorian Easter Eggs—a world fixed in time, complete and miniature, and which as one looks earnestly at it, suddenly becomes real and alive. The scene of his novel is a small English sea-coast town in the comparatively untroubled first years of this century; the figures in the landscape are Eustace Cherrington, aged nine, his sister Hilda, three years older, the upper-middle-class household of which they are members, and their friends. The plot is slight, framed in the ordinary episodes of childhood: picnics, paper chases, days spent on the beach poking in the tidal pools. And there is Eustace's friendship for the eccentric old Miss Fothergill, crippled with rheumatism and at first so terrifying to Eustace that he has to be forced even to speak to her.

The real drama of the story, and what gives it that *multum in parvo* effect, is the conflict of personality between Eustace and his sister. Eustace is sensitive, imaginative, repressed, troubled by a sense of his own inadequacy, utterly dependent on his sister who dominates him with really horrifying ruthlessness. Hilda is one of the most disagreeable little tyrants I have met in a long time. She is possessive, self-righteous, and undeniably sadistic with what she would consider the best of motives. Having been often told that she "has an old head on her shoulders" she takes it upon herself to discipline Eustace and to bring him up in the way he should go. The children's mother is dead, and the household managed by a singularly unperceptive Aunt, so Hilda (a perfect example of what Amy March in "Little Women" described as a "trig, smug prig") assumes a sort of maternal authority over her unfortunate brother.

Eustace is torn between his compulsive devotion to his sister and his blind struggle to assert himself. His guilt complex is excessive, and when he finally does revolt, the consequences of his deed spoil the triumph. The book does not resolve the emotional problem—one wonders what will eventually become of Eustace, not to mention Hilda, who in her own way has as difficult a psychological row to hoe.

Mr. Hartley writes with deep understanding and sympathetic insight. Though Eustace sometimes appears a little too courtly for a child of nine, he is poignant and appealing and he wrings the reader's heart with his "look of a trapped thing sitting in a net."

As one contemplates this little world of two or three childhood summers, the horizons widen. Hilda and Eustace are not themselves merely, but symbols of conflicting forces of personality, the dominant and the dominated, bound together by alternative love and hate. Mr. Hartley's book is a subtle and skillful study of human relationships—of two very young human beings, it is true, but two who embody a psychological problem which surely has no age limitations.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GIRL WITH THE FRIGHTENED EYES *Lawrence Lariar* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Discharged soldier's search for sister of dead chum involves him in maze of murder, all solved by Homer Bull.	New York and Woodstock are background of lively, well-paced yarn about young artist who painted too well.	Good
ROGUES GALLERY *Ellery Queen, Editor* (Little, Brown: $3.)	Two dozen tales of assorted criminals of fiction, properly classified, and international in scope.	First class selection of stories, old and new, and very well arranged. Queen's "between words" are interesting . . . but just too cute!	Very good
THIRD MYSTERY COMPANION *A. L. Furman, Editor* (Gold Label: $2.75)	Seventeen murder yarns by assorted authors, English and American.	Contributions of such luminaries as John Collier, R. Chandler, H. Pentecost, and M. Allingham leaven the lump.	Better than average anthology

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Breezy Macabre

THE DREAMERS. By J. Bigelow Clark. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 282 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

ONCE you have accustomed yourself to the quality of Mr. Clark's novel, it is likely to provide a considerable amount of perverse, perhaps horrified, amusement. The materials of the story, which centers about the Nazi occupation of an island in the Mediterranean, are plainly brutal and tragic; they involve some highly concentrated data on the personality of the German conqueror, as sadist, homosexual, monomaniac, murderer, as well as the hopeless and matter-of-fact heroism of a few Americans and Englishmen caught on the island. These last, who have lived for years in this island paradise, among its pleasures of security and isolation and peace, are overcome by the tidal wave of conquest that comes sweeping in from the mainland. They are bullied, imprisoned, humiliated, and tortured, killed finally as their own resistance to barbarism increases. We are spared no details. Against these mild island refugees, the civilized dreamers of the title, the Nazis bring to bear their whole modern arsenal of criminal inventiveness.

And this is the story Mr. Clark tells us in the smooth, swirling, slick-paper style of a popular romance. His touch is light and unmistakably gay. The effect is startling in its incongruity, like a blood-stained uniform labelled "Neat but not Gaudy," or like a tragic ballade set to swing-time. Yet this fantastic gaiety has its own increment to add to a tale we already know too well. From so unaccustomed an angle we may observe the monstrous figure of Captain Muller, the Nazi commandant, almost as though we had not been staring at him for more years than we wish to remember. The Nazi has been bludgeoned with analysis and documentation in a hundred books; here he is pricked with persiflage, flayed with scorn. His own claims to understanding, couched at full and wearisome length in the inflated terms of German mysticism gone wrong, are laughed away with the cool confidence of sanity.

It is pretty easy to do that now, laugh him off as a bad dream, and there is certainly more to the story of fascism. Mr. Clark's mixture of breezy macabre isn't good history, even recent history, but it is a salutary gesture, aimed to cut the Nazi image down to size even at the moment when it seemed largest. It has a little of the flavor of bad taste, as gruesome jokes often do.

They *laughed* when he wrote another book!

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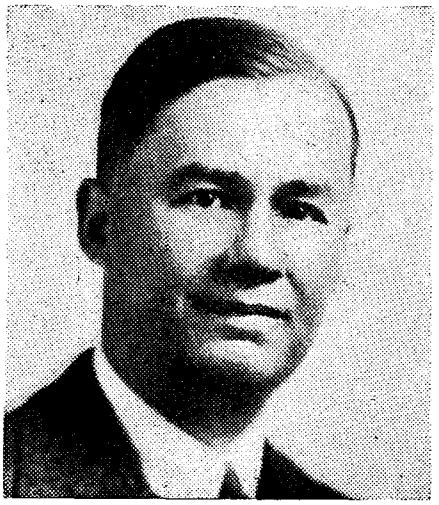

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Uprooted Americans

SKIP TO MY LOU. By William Martin Camp. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 401 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER HAMMOND

IT is an unhappy fact that war has become the universal experience. In some way it touches everyone; even those who have no other share in the national life are swept into the swirling folk-stream by war. The family in Mr. Camp's new novel is one of the millions of families uprooted by a war that found its way into every corner of America.

Between three steep hills in northern Arkansas lay Happy Holler. It was named six generations ago "Happy Valley," by a pioneer who had read Samuel Johnson's "Rasselas" and who thought of that Ozark hollow as a Garden of Peace. Since then the descendants of Great-great-grandpa Jolly had lost touch with literature but they lived in a valley of contentment—except when the young men went out to war in 1862 and 1917. Now, in the early 1940's, war came again to Happy Holler; it came to the dogtrot house of logs and chinkin' where Lou Jolly lived with her family about her. How war affected her life and the life of those she loved is the substance of this warm-hearted novel.

Lou Jolly was a woman who could give most men contentment, but her husband had a roving blood. Vigo Hoxie was an outlander; he came from Indiana and though he stopped in the hills he couldn't really settle. Each spring, as regularly as the dogwood blossomed, a restlessness sent him on the road. He thought he wanted money, but "no one was ever known to strike it rich working for day wages." What he wanted was variety, novelty, change, as Lou wanted the steadfast life around her. People of the Ozarks knew they were born to be poor, but Vigo came from the impatient world outside. As a boy he had worked in the coal mines of Indiana; when he ran away from that dark life it seemed he couldn't be confined again. Not even in a Happy Valley, not even with a wife "like Miss Liberty on a silver dollar." So he wandered every spring, and patient, yearning Lou waited annually for his return.

But when the war came Lou felt a need to hold the family together. All around were forces of disruption; she must be the other force. It meant following the lure of high wages to California. It meant living in a desolate Trailer Town at the end of a sprawling shipyard. It meant ugliness, loneliness, humiliation. But she survived.

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She got her family home again when the red leaves of the sassafras brightened the hills and blue chimney smoke hung in the Ozark autumn sky.

Mr. Camp fills his novel with so much backwoods flavor—whole sections are puckery as a persimmon and pungent as hickory smoke—that one expects his characters to be mere backwoods types. But his people come through that dense idiom with sharpness and reality. Lou is a completely credible woman, limited in understanding but generous in her instincts, cherishing her four children and still having compassion for wayfarers on the road and in the trying life of Trailer Town. The hill-born children are distinct and individual, especially softhearted little Lonzo, homesick in California, dreaming of the valley he belongs to. Even wanton Mamie Cossey is a human being with understandable frustrations and undeniable needs. A vividly drawn minor character is Uncle Yancey with his salty humor and his wise contempt for ambition.

But it is the character of Vigo Hoxie who arouses the strongest conviction. Given his pent boyhood in the mines and his tantalizing glimpses of comfort and pleasure, he must be restless all his life. He wants many things; he is indecisive, impulsive, wayward. He is pulled in opposite ways—toward generous Lou and toward grasping Mamie, toward home and toward the horizon. He has the familiar faulty grain of human nature. He struggles and fails, like a mortal.

It is a part of their authenticity that these people lose dignity and poise when they are away from their own country. Lou's instinct told her something like this would happen, and she was not surprised when it did. So she kept the image of Happy Holler in her memory, until she could get her children back to the Ozark earth again and wait for Vigo as she had done so many times before. What they were all seeking, she realized, even wayward, troubled Vigo, was right there in the folded hills.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Fatima, in "Bluebeard," by Charles Perrault. 2. Franklin Blake, in "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. 3. Sir Simon de Canterville, in "The Canterville Ghost," by Oscar Wilde. 4. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth," by William Shakespeare. 5. Dr. John H. Watson, in "The Sign of the Four," by Conan Doyle. 6. Willie Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington. 7. "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore. 8. Bessie Broke, in "The Light That Failed," by Rudyard Kipling. 9. Pyramus, in "Pyramus and Thisbe," in Ovid's Metamorphoses. 10. Tonia Weaver, in "The Red Roses of Tonia," by O. Henry.

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MY CASE AGAINST CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

lies in the fearfully short life-span the stories enjoy. They are not really novels at all, but reports or special articles in fictional form. The writer gives the impression that he received an assignment or that he just happened to be on hand when things occurred. He took down in his notebook what he saw and heard—in case you might be interested. But he won't hold it against you if you aren't: by the time you are reading his report, he will be on another journalistic assignment. There is a new story today, he seems to say, and there will be a new one tomorrow: no use in getting excited unduly over today's. A curt, impersonal report will do.

But in "Bleak House" it is the same story today and tomorrow, next week, and next year. The emotions of author and reader heap up like compound interest. The baleful power of Chancery relentlessly exerts its pressure on scores of lives. Some of its victims wait hopefully, some try to escape, and some (including Rick Carstone) try to fight it. When Rick finally comes to realize that he has been defeated and that he must "begin the world anew," the reader is at one of the high points of nineteenth-century fiction. This, on Dickens's part, was more than news-reporting. The story of Jo and his pathetic death remains a great one despite sophisticated sneers at its tear-appeal. On a literal level, no doubt, the story is improbable and certainly Jo's well-articulated utterances at the very end are logically absurd, given Jo's background. But just as certainly the emotion generated by the scene is real. Dickens did not get it from reading a police blotter; it came from the heart. The feeling he arouses for Caddy Jellyby is real, too—so much so that Caddy's projected marriage with young Turveydrop is a matter about which the reader positively *worries*. Caddy had touched Dickens's heart. Fashions necessarily change, and it is no longer *comme il faut* to wear your heart on your sleeve. Yet it is still important to have a heart somewhere on your person. Many modern novelists (and perforce their readers) subsist emotionally on a starvation diet. They are afraid of editorializing, and they blue-pencil their own copy. But the novel without the novelist is bare. The news-writer, like the physician, cannot afford to engage his emotions in each pathetic case that comes up in the day's business. But the novelist has *got* to care.

A third factor, closely related to the second, is that of the wilful flight from emotion. The reporter operates under orders, but there is a kind of "emoto-phobia" abroad in the land which seems to have affected many otherwise independent writers. A recent observer has called attention to the fact that our modern way of life tends to divorce us from deep, universal emotions, pleasurable or otherwise. We are born in hospitals, and we die (under drugs) in the same place. Conditions conspire to keep us at a tidy distance from disturbing basic emotions. Our novelists, too, often seem to operate under opiates. They refrain from describing ectasy; they are afraid of experiencing or giving pain. When they have disagreeable data to report, they report them in a detached, clinical fashion: their feelings have been immobilized. These writers wish to be thought clever rather than powerful. They want to be talked about at bright dinner tables rather than reflected on during the lonely hours of the night. Often they write with one eye on Hollywood. They do not wish to write books that will change men's lives—as Goethe said of Winckelmann's writing: "We learn nothing by reading him, but we *become* something." They write, as it were, in a childish treble, fearing the deep full tones of adult experience. They do not want to get their feet wet in the depths of emotion; like a species of water-bug, they skate expertly upon smooth surfaces.

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ers who seem strangely to shun an emotional show-down. Like Harold Skimpole, they try to insulate themselves from unpleasantness in life. Willa Cather's admirable "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" treats of a serious theme, but somehow the author handles the situation as if with gloves, as if she didn't wish to get messily involved in emotion, almost as if it would take too much out of her if she did. That is not the way to breed great books. You have got to let yourself in for emotion. Hawthorne did not write "The Scarlet Letter" without so stirring his inmost being that he was almost shattered by the experience. Thackeray shed tears when his publishers forbade him to execute a certain part of "Pendennis" as likely to offend public taste. He cared tremendously. What about your modern writers? They accept pruning as cheerfully as they accepted cuffless trousers last year. The magazine text of some novels is considerably at variance with the book text: magazine-readers can't take certain things. Novelists do not seem to mind this surgery on their brain children; it begets a lump of money and it promotes the book sales. They can assent to the process precisely because their emotions are not deeply involved. With substantial writers it is otherwise. Thomas Wolfe, with all his faults, will probably outlast many a trim writter among his contemporaries. He never flinched from the emotional implications of any situation. And when he was asked to cut something, he not only didn't cut but he came back with additional copy. His characters were his flesh and blood.

Of course there is a way of writing laconically which conceals the undertow of an author's emotions. What makes "Tortilla Flat" a masterpiece? Mainly—granted the author's command of technique—that Steinbeck cared greatly for his a-moral paisanos. "The Grapes of Wrath," probably one of the great novels of the century, was not written by a man whose emotions were centered in a royalty check. It dares to face emotional realities, and it is significant that its frank final scene drew squawks from unco delicate readers. But most of the feeling in the book is quietly revealed, almost understated. The account of the children's receiving candy (Chapter XV), a scene hardly inferior to the best pathetic scenes in Dickens, is delivered with terrific compression. It is not necessary to spill buckets of tears in Dickensian fashion, but it is essential that the author have an emotional stake in the proceedings. It comes to this, that nobody will care unless the author cares first.

These are some of the factors which seem to have influenced our novelists for the worse. Perhaps the publishers (the poor publishers!) are responsible in part. Some of them order books as one would order interior decoration. They want quickly-written books styled to meet popular demands: the week-end book, the holiday book, the spot-news book. Well, somehow the book gets finished. It looks all right and it won't come apart at the seams for several months: after that it won't matter. The author, of course, should be more independent, but it is hard to resist publishers. So the author tortures himself to meet a deadline—and his book, like as not, is the thing that dies. Look back over the lists of the past ten years: how many novels have the power to create a ripple of emotion? And yet here is "Bleak House," here is "David Copperfield," here are a dozen Victorian and Edwardian novels which though terribly dated are still read hungrily.

But publishers have their troubles;

The full text of the official report

Atomic Energy

FOR MILITARY PURPOSES

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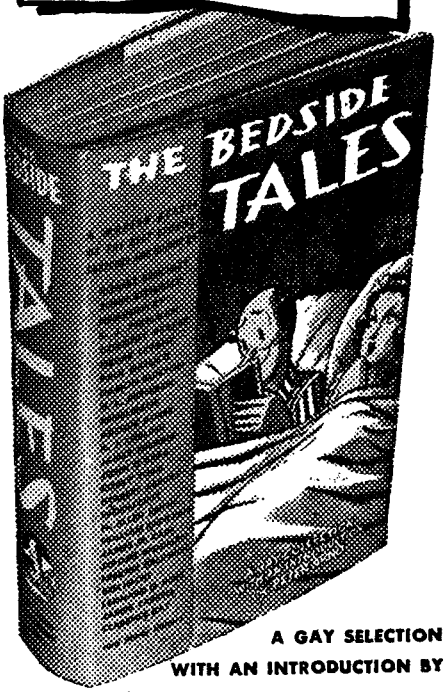

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it is hard to predict public reactions. In any case the reactions are mixed. There is of course the public which goes in for the pap-fiction (produced especially for rented libraries) which is so fabulously profitable. Let publishers take their share of this if they can and must. But let them also consider a public which is mentally a cut higher. This public is slow pay, but it is in the end profitable too. Does this public want the quick, bright, thinly-emotional novel? Yes—but probably not to the extent that has been believed. Brittle books perish quickly. Does it want novels of power? Yes, and probably to a greater extent than has been supposed.

Doubtless one reason why "War and Peace" has been enjoying a revival is that it appeals powerfully to adult emotions. (And why, incidentally, should we be reviving a foreign novel about Napoleonic wars instead of an American novel about World War I?) Does this public want books of sentiment? The answer is written in the sales records of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind." To be sure these are not great books, but they are good ones and they sold widely. They were not untimely ripped from their authors' minds but delivered naturally when the time came. No commercial pressure induced Hervey Allen to shorten appreciably his enormous preparation for writing his book. And Margaret Mitchell—one likes to think of her in farthest Georgia, unknown to fame, comparatively unchivied by publishers' men, undergoing the long preparation and patient production of a book about a people for whose fortunes she greatly cared.

These remarks, however, do not constitute an endorsement of every long historical romance. Indeed among the chief sinners against good fiction are the authors of those literary leviathans, the historical novels, conceived in a reference library, reared on four-by-six cards, and dedicated to the proposition that all readers are passionately interested in the laborious details of military campaigns and frontier expeditions. The characters in these monstrous fabrications often are no more lifelike than entries in an index; and since the novel often runs through several generations even the author has little time to get acquainted with individual characters. On the other hand a carefully worked-out historical romance like Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage" sinks deeply and congenially into the mind. It must have sunk deeply into the author's mind too: if you want to see how seriously Mr. Roberts was involved, read the account of the creation of the book in his volume called "For Authors Only."

The contemporary American novel has failed to attain much distinction—for reasons which cannot be stated with finality. Yet it is a fair guess that novelists are operating under disadvantages that could in part be removed. The factors here touched upon do not of course explain all the difficulties. For a mediocre writer could brood over his book until doomsday and hatch nothing of significance. And yet, granted the existence of considerable potential power among our writers, it would seem that America might produce more fiction of lasting significance if our writers would ripen their books instead of forcing them; if they did not so mechanically adhere to the objectivity of journalism; if they would meet life square-on instead of making clever remarks about it; if they would give up their subtly-patronizing attitude toward their own characters and live with them on at least equal terms—possibly even love them a little. Then readers might care more.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 119

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 119 *will be found in the next issue.*

PN SHPXJ CMGIXT AMDWG YXMAUHUVN FX YSWHGEJW, HUI PN YSWHGEJW GLW JWGFXJWG DMAXJ FX SHPXJ.

—FWSWTHVLEG.

—ZJHUVXMG ZWUWSXU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 118

JUSTICE BENNETT OF DERBY, WAS THE FIRST TO CALL US QUAKERS, BECAUSE I BID THEM TREMBLE AT THE WORD OF THE LORD.—GEORGE FOX. FOUNDER OF SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. ("QUAKERS"). JOURNAL.

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Sussex in the War Years

KITCHEN FUGUE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARGARET CHRISTIE

SUSSEX is one of those touchstone words for all, I think, who have ever known spring in that "rare land." Primroses abloom in hedgerow and meadow, and bluebells which make a carpet to match the sky, and the ecstatic singing of the lark—that and the smell of honeysuckle rioting over the style-posts are part of the warp and woof of Sussex.

In front of the great gates to the ancient Abbey in the town of Battle, known as Sanguelac in the days when William the Norman came over the sands at Pevensey to win the battle of Hastings, lies the village green, a scene of constant activity where all the outdoor events take place; not the least of which is or was the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, "that varmint wot tried to blow up Parliament."

When November the fifth came around men and boys commenced building a great pile of faggots and brush about a central pole atop which a barrel of oil was secured. I don't remember how it came about but I do remember two little girls peering down excitedly from the night nursery windows, watching the procession circle about the green, singing and shouting and performing strange antic dances and, at last, seeing the flames leap high as the effigy of Guy Fawkes was tossed into the stream of blazing oil. And ever and again turning to view each other in that peculiarly solemn way that children do. And each awed and a little frightened by the din below.

I suspect that even then Sheila Kaye-Smith disliked sharp noise to the point of terror—a fact which makes her life in Sussex throughout the war years a far more gallant thing than any word she writes in her humerous and philosophic account of kitchen combat in "Kitchen Fugue."

All of Sheila Kaye-Smith's Sussex tales have the depth of character and the integrity of that rolling countryside but "Kitchen Fugue" is so simply wrought that it lays bare the stress and hardship of England and English housewives throughout the war years in unforgettable fashion. Essentials are set forth—the family and others must be fed. Chickens and rabbits looked after to that end and all done to a most amusing counterpoint of cats—Nikolous Ridikulous and predecessors for whom the author has a deep devotion, and to a running obbligato of very sage comment on the ways of cooks the world over. Philosophizing and gardening and pushing sleep back to enjoy the nightingale and the sweet scents of hay and honeysuckle Sheila Kaye-Smith puts down a most heartwarming picture of Sussex and all Englishwomen.

"Kitchen Fugue" is a book of fine feeling and deft analysis: a book to read and to cherish; a book of simplicity and some sternness, totally without sloppy sentiment, which pays tribute to that kitchen battlefield that carried on even when "there was silence in the heavens for the space of half an hour."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 600)

ROGER ASCHAM:
THE SCHOLEMASTER (1570)

Our time is so far from that old discipline and obedience, as now not only young gentlemen but even very girls dare without all fear, . . . where they list and how they list, marry . . . in spite of father, mother, God, good order, and all.

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the Phoenix Nest

BERGAMOT

To the Old World, a perfume; to the New World, the Prairie Rose.

YOU have seen white-hooded cones-togas go
Pitching like boats across the prairie waves;
Known the hoof-trampling of the buffalo;
Have nodded over plainsmen's shallow graves;
Have watched the snowy uprolling summer cloud
In huge blue heaven; have spoken home to those
With rifle forearm-cradled, eagle-proud,
Striding to find
the western rose.

You have heard the rattler on the rock in air,
Belltail crotalus with lightning in his tongue;
Seen wild ass batter stallion for his mare,
Flustered brown partridge scuttling with her young;
Prairie-dog villages with owl and snake,
Cottonwood coulee marked by the hangman's tree,
Skull-whitened trails the longhorns used to take;
Assiniboine;
wild Pawnee.

You knew Chief Joseph, Homer might have sung;
The Little Big Horn, where our troopers died;
How farms reached west, though Sioux and Osage clung
While white men battled toward the Great Divide;
And still, as lover of Ocean feels the blue,
Far inland, all its deep domain disclose
At one salt touch, ever our West through you
Sang Bergamot,
the prairie rose!

The Arkansas you knew, and knew the Platte.
Your grass was surf against the arid Plains.
Homesteaders trooping down the dusty flat,
Traders and trappers flanking wagon-trains.
Through the long valleys the cavalcade and load,
Sunbonnet under tilt, with child at breast;
Fringed leggin's on the raw-boned mounts they rode—
The new abode
moved ever west;

The west of bloodied sunset, streamered dawn
On grasslands vast and distance dwindling far,
Cloud-towered mirage in violet haze withdrawn
And wagons rolling toward a sundown star;
Up Rockies, Sierras, as the hunters go,
Till on some summit, high among the snows,
Aloof, gigantic, the Form that all men know
Chilled in their breast
the western rose.

Who sees your ragged petals in the sage
Where now the rusty bundled cars rock by,
Or the high thundering truck declares the Age,
Or the long freight crawls upward toward the sky,—
Who knows your heart, deep in trifoliate leaves,
The greater part of this our country knows,
And why our western wind exults—and grieves—
With Bergamot,
our prairie rose.

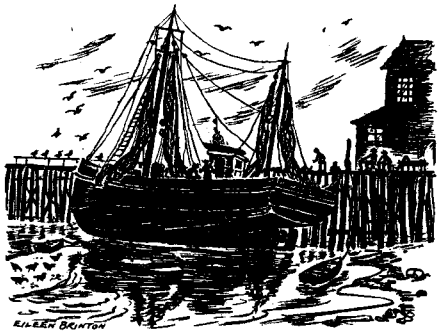
* * *

AMATERASU, TELL IT!

According to the ancient Shinto religion of Japan, their first sovereign was the grandson of the Goddess of the Sun, Amaterasu; and the line has ruled, as Emperor, unbroken for a hundred and twenty-three generations. The whole earth, according to the Shinto belief, was peopled by the goddess Izanami and the god Izanagi. From the right eye of the latter sprang Amaterasu.

Tell them,
Amaterasu, Sun Goddess,
Born of Izanagi,
Born of his right eye, eye of fire,
Tell them of this fire which was
Utterly invoked against them,
Against the transgressors themselves,
Who stubbornly set themselves against its laws!
Tell them, Sun Goddess,
For a hundred and twenty-four generations
Ancestress of their Holy One,
Their Emperor!

There is none other who can apprise them,
But only you, Amaterasu born of Izanagi.
Amaterasu, ruler of the sun-force,
Tell them
It was not to any one of your descendants,
Nor to any one of the hundred and twenty-three generations,
That on a day of doom the Sun revealed that utterly unspeakable secret
On that day of the hurling of the last great ammunition
When heaven and earth melted apocalyptic.
Vocabularies of heaven and hell now stutter to furnish forth
Word for it!



Tell them in some hushed moment it is verily the Sun Force
Its diabolical majesty stupendously unrolling,
For total destruction unrolling those annihilating thunders.
Then, in louder utterance proclaim,
O proclaim this on trumpet global:
This is not only for them, sons of the Sun Goddess,
But for any who transgress the law, "Live and Let Live."
To them, henceforth and forever,
No sacred mountain, no Holy Fuji,
Nor those in Tierra del Fuego,
In outer Mongolia, or Arctic Alaska,
Nor Appalachian, nor high Sierra,
Nor all those towering others;
None now can stand as symbol,
None can be ever again for their protection . . .

AMEN and AMEN forever!
Are muttering the Ancient Progenitors;
Is nodding old Izanami to Izanagi,
The god, her husband.

ALICE TORBERT.

* * *

LETTER TO PIGEON COVE: FROM DOVE DULCET

The weather has quit being dirty, the barometer's back to 30. We've discovered all the hells predicted by H. G. Wells. Before civilization's just a skellington, let me remind you of the Dook of Wellington: Up Guards, and atom./ Or, while they're on mission with atomic fission, or dropping more gasoline jelly, how's about Marie Corelli? ("The Mighty Atom," 1896). Once long ago in Cambridge, along the immortal Backs, When on the Cam we didn't give a damn and had nothing to grind but Pax, I saw a varnished trim canoe, a sleeping student its only crew, it was named the Mighty Atom. I must have been dumb as Dame Partlet or I'da gotten the phrase in Bartlett. But Bartlett gave plenty of scope to the old wasp Sandy Pope, the Intellect's white hope. When men need a trope to sicken 'em They can get it from Pope of Twickenham:—

> Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

But imagine, today's Front Page, among news that's Fit to Print, General Spaatz won't hint Whether more than one Was dropped on the land of the Sun And they quote it, "mighty atom." High Brass is naturally loth to speak About iron tears from Pluto's cheek. But the crew and the weaponeer when they saw the smokes and flashes And a city in odds and sods Instinctively cried My Gods and fled for the stratosphere. Listening for a word On the radio I heard: Ladies, have you discovered ashes? You will, my dears, you will, When the atom smashes. Even the Other Pope was masterful in scope: How well he understated:

"This has created" (he was emphatic) "an
Unfavorable impression on the Vatican."
Is it thus we begin the Novus Ordo?
Better remember the Alamogordo.
Love, from DOVE.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 49*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

HERE'S a picture of domestic bliss quoted in a letter from a friend writing of other matters. The locale is the home of a newly married sister: "Sunday was jinxed from the start. I burned our little *beef* potroast and Mac couldn't make his Crostic come out right. But we had bread and gravy and towards night he finally solved it." And the friend comments: "The modern version of *Omar K*—bread and gravy and a solved Double Crostic. Perfect contentment."

The staff of the Adrian Public Library, Adrian, Mich., were among our first DC supporters. It is, therefore, with pride that I give almost in full the friendly letter received from Agnes H. Jewell, librarian, who, too, reminds us of their loyalty through the years:

"What is a paltry umlaut to a true DCer? If the two letters are there we will find 'em. If you prefer omitting, all right with us, we will omit likewise. We do DC's not by the dictionary but by the grey matter. If there is a space the problem is to fill it, letting nature take its course.

"And that answers the other little question you ask. There was nothing to do with the unkeyed word but let it wait its turn which was at the end. No problem at all for the good guesser? And if there is a DCer who does not *joy in* the guess, we have yet to meet her. (We say *her* advisedly of course.) Also, with fingers crossed, the staff confesses that never a DC has gone unsolved since you first put one in the *SatRevLit.*

"We maintain, that for the younger newer members who are introduced to the *SRL,* it is one of the best methods yet devised to use reference books painlessly. The youngsters run from book to book, from shelf to shelf in happy effort to beat the other fellow to it, little wotting that they are learning the library ropes. On the other hand the librarian, an old hand at the job, calls a search of books a defeat of the wits. Yes, the answer must come the first day or no library time may be taken to search the records. The puzzle must be an incentive, not a time taker. One true devotee takes her half day off to return to the library and the DC.

"We will admit that a few *the's* and *and's* as well as familiar *ed's* are faithful aids. We hate wild animals and Orientals thinga-bobs, especially if they do not add to our working knowledge, a DC without one familiar word would, we expect, get us all down."

On the other hand, Clara M. Baker, head of the Circulation Dept., Decatur Public Library, claims that she's "only a half-baked irregular," requiring an evening on one DC when evenings" are scarcer than hen's eggs these days." But she's promising herself a perfect orgy when she retires from work.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 601

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 47 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Dissimilarity.

B. A flat thin diamond somewhat used in Hindu work.

C. Uncleanliness.

D. Russian genre and battle painter (1842-1904).

E. American economist (1854-) associated with Johns Hopkins, U. of Wisconsin, Northwestern U.

F. Is aware (2 wds.; poetic).

G. To regard as an inferior (3 wds.)

H. To strengthen a judicial or deliberative body by adding specially qualified members.

I. Granddaughter, also three grandsons, of Joe Jefferson, all writers in England.

J. Reservoir in Ulster Co., N. Y., that supplies water to New York City.

K. One who deserts his party in adversity.

L. To accomplish without penalty (Slang; 3 wds.)

M. Demonstration of approbation.

N. A prayer for the repose of a dead person (L.)

O. The watertight suit of a diver.

P. A zoetrope (3 wds.)

Q. A dainty bobbin lace named after a city in Belgium where made.

R. Fearful of what may be coming.

S. American woman poet (1835-94).

T. Therefore; hence (L.)

U. Yes, indeed! (Colloq.)

V. Greek heroine, in title, of two tragedies by Euripides.

W. A "test" to determine one's general fitness.

X. Plutarch wrote some "Parallel" ones.

WORDS

129 117 2 93 9 42 112 84 20

26 106 86 95 22 89

40 140 65 154 120 170 62 87 39

28 3 108 176 83 88 18 32 165 149 50 91

33 76 159

5 109 11 41 15 113 174

54 36 43 146 182 27 60 142 66 157

168 105 130 139 173 63 116

46 119 152 136 172 104 169

131 103 171 45 19 144 92

81 8 31 23 110 71

58 85 12 161 138 24 77 143 101 16 127

59 6 145 141 35

67 70 153 52 181 82 124 160 10 100

53 163 56 137 94

44 64 123 68 115 48 72 158 147 107 167

34 151 74 122 25 125 148

57 80 111 162 73 61 102 132 178 90 49 13

121 118 97 79 75 29 175

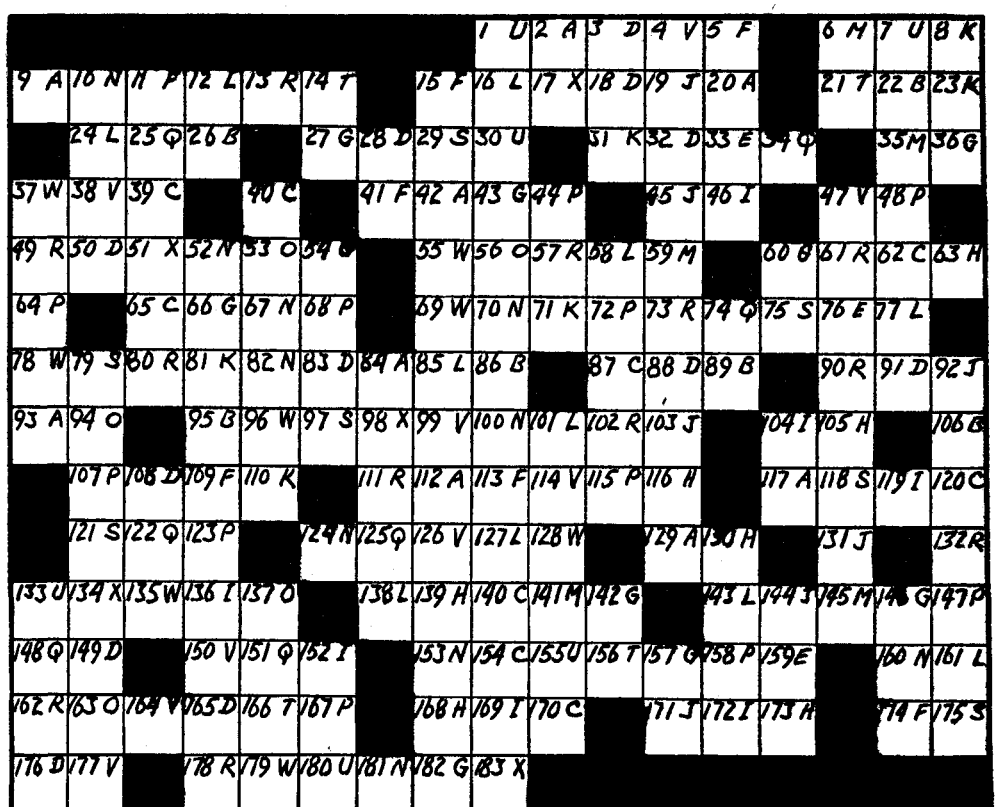
156 14 166 21

180 133 1 7 155 30

4 114 150 99 126 177 47 164 38

135 69 179 55 128 96 37 78

98 17 134 183 51



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